Practice of Speech

Byron W. King.

Paul E. Marling.
W. L. E.

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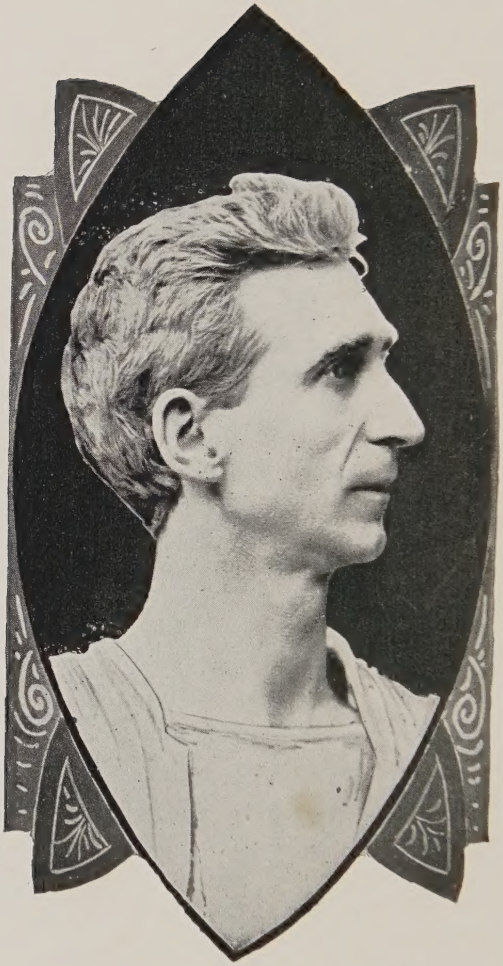

Byron W. King

PRACTICE OF SPEECH

AND

Successful Selections

BY

BYRON W. KING, A. M.

TENTH EDITION.

WM. M. WIKOFF,
GENERAL AGENT,
1516 NEIL AVE., COLUMBUS, OHIO

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BY

BYRON W. KING

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King's School of Elocution and
Dramatic Culture,
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PREFACE.

I am impelled to the publication of this book by several motives. But chiefly, by the constant and general request for a short but comprehensive manual of practical exercises for vocal training and a list of selections fitted for general drill and practice. This request has seemed to me much more urgent, because of the source from whence it comes. During something over twelve years of professional work, it has been my pleasant office to appear in over two thousand public entertainments, to drill classes in some sixty Academies, Colleges and Universities, and to have enrolled over twelve thousand students. It is because the request has come and still comes from these patrons and pupils, that I look upon it as not to be disregarded. Many of these former students are at present Principals and Teachers in Schools, Academies and Colleges, more than two hundred of them being professional teachers of Reading and Elocution, and these generally have asked me to put these exercises into book form.

But I have also a more personal reason.—I need this book myself for my present students. These exercises as I have arranged them and teach them are contained in no published work; therefore, I feel to have them printed will greatly advantage my students and thus further my own work of instruction.

The fact is, I have prepared this work for Students—not for any other class of individuals. There are many hundreds of volumes that have been kindly furnished for elocutionists, but the students have been much neglected. It is true that many books in this subject have been written, well written, finely printed and well bound, and are excellent works—for elocutionists. But I trust this book, even if deemed unworthy the notice of the few lonely, lofty watchmen on the pinnacles of Expression, may find a welcome and prove beneficent to the many earnest though humble workers.

I have given principles instead of rules. I wish pupils to learn to think and feel and to express this thought and feeling. I despise all imitations and imitative systems of elocutionary training.

That these principles and exercises are at variance with the opinions and practices of many teachers and books, I have not the slightest doubt; on the contrary, I know this to be the case; for that reason, among others, I publish this book. I give the results of many years experience with the practice and comparison of many systems and plans of work. I profess and claim still to be an ardent *Searcher after Facts of Expression.* This study has been to me one of benefit and delight. I have learned to look for principles instead of rules, and in this book I suggest what I have found to be most practical as a method

of study. I would summarize it thus:—Back of all must be an Intellect to know and think, and a Soul to feel; then, develop and train the mechanism of Voice and Action that all parts respond harmoniously to each impulse of Thought and Feeling.

And so, with high hopes of further advancement on my own part as well as yours,

I am sincerely,

BYRON W. KING.

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PREFACE TO TENTH EDITION.

It affords me much pleasure to announce the Tenth Edition of "*Practice of Speech.*" The hundreds of assurances and testimonials received from teachers of the arts of speech, as well as from students and professional speakers, all tend to more than confirm my highest hopes for the success of this work. It is now the text book in over two hundred Colleges and Schools, and may well claim a place in the first rank of Voice and Action Manuals.

I believe it to be practical; that its exercises are plain, useful and serviceable to everyone who will give them a trial. Above all, I take pride in the fact that they teach a system of *development*—not one of *imitation*.

The development of the *Body*, the development of the *Mind*, the control of the body by the mind—this is the aim of the entire work.

Hoping that the future may find the book's influence of benefit to all students of Expression,

I am sincerely a fellow worker,

BYRON W KING.

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Book I.

Practice of Speech.

—"Wit, words and worth; *Action* and *utterance* and the *power of speech* to stir men's b'ood!"—*Shakespeare.*

—"Many an idea has been driven home by an explosive tone."—*Beecher.*

"Do nothing in imitation of a teacher,—avoid all his mannerisms. But, if he shows you underlying principles of speaking,—exercises to develop and train your voice, to make you graceful in gesture, practice perseveringly, patiently and critically."—*Jno. B. Gough, Lecture on Eloquence.*

"Not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of industry. Yet the almost universal feeling appears to be that eminence is the result of accident; thus multitudes who come forth as teachers and guides suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments—a miserable mediocrity.

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public before they had learned it. If one were learning to play the flute for public exhibition, how many hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, how many months and years would he labor that he might know its compass and become master of its keys and be able to draw out at will all its various combinations of sound,—its full richness and delicacy of expression! And yet, he will fancy the grandest of all instruments may be played upon without study or practice! He comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro and thinks at once to manage all its stops and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. He finds himself a bungler; is mortified at his failure and settles it in his OWN *mind that the attempt is unavailing."*—WARE.

I DEFINE PRACTICE OF SPEECH as the Art of expressing *Thought* and *Emotion*.

The media of Expression are three: *Voice, Action Words*.

The first and second are natural; the last, artificial.

It is the object of these exercises to develop the student in three ways:

1. To develop and cultivate the *Voice*—to render it powerful, flexible, sympathetic and durable.

2. To gain full control of the *Body*,—to make him master of himself, that every part of the Body shall respond harmoniously to each impulse of Thought and Emotion.

3. The *Use of Words*.—To trace the line of Thought throughout the phrases and sentences of Discourse, and apply the powers of Voice and Action to the ideas exclusively.

These, then, are three essentials for the speaker: good *Voice*, good *Action*, good *Adaptation* of Voice and Action.

By "Practice of Speech," I mean the Art of Actual Speaking—the facts of expression as opposed to theories. I desire to be practical throughout.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE SPEAKER?

Briefly stated,—to make his auditors think as he thinks, feel as he feels, determine as he has determined. He is an earnest man who has persuaded himself and is now trying to persuade others. He would convince them with *Reason*, sway them with *Emotion* and govern them with the power of his *Will*.

"But all cannot do this!" *Why not?* If mankind are not equally gifted, are they not similarly so? Some indeed think more profoundly, feel more deeply and determine more fully; but why should not any man give the fullest expression to his best conceptions, thoughts and emotions?

In other matters, we all say with Shakespeare's character: "Have we not eyes? Have we not hands, organs, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food? Subject to the same diseases; healed by the same means? Warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? If we are like you in all the rest, shall we not be like you in that?"

So, if we are alike in form of flesh and bone and blood, breathing and sensible, illumed by soul-fire to feel and to discern, to reason and determine, why not, at least, *similar* in expression of *Thought*, *Feeling* and *Will?*

Surely no one can be found whose composition is so entirely of clay, that he is insensible to the physical, mental and moral world about him! Whose blood never warms with love, nor chills with fear; whose pulse is not stirred by anger, nor slowed with sorrow; who cannot admire heroism, nor despise a craven deed; whose eye never shows sign of pity, wonder, or astonishment; whose lip is guiltless of mirth, or of scorn; or, whose body bows not in reverence to his Maker, nor rises proudly erect to resent insult! But, *if* such, *he* cannot acquire the spell that binds and moves and melts and sways a multitude. It needs a *man* to sway men—not an idiot or a brute.

Expression is but the manifestation of the invisible, indwelling Life.

WHAT ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A GOOD VOICE?

I would say, a *good Voice* is *clear*, *full*, *deep*, *round*, *resonant*, *well-modulated*, *sympathetic* and *durable*.

To be more definite: By *clearness*, I mean a ringing, bell-like quality; by *fulness*, I mean a large amount of sound; by *depth*, I mean an undertone or sonorous quality; by *roundness*, I mean a smooth, tube-like quality; by *resonance*, I mean a vibratory quality, such as the tone of a violin; by *modulation*, the power of changing from one pitch to another in harmony with the sentiment or thought, and *also*, the power of making the tones soft or strong upon any pitch or any quality of voice; by sympathetic voice, I mean a voice that by its tones, inflexions and cadences alone,—independent of words—can portray all changes of Thought and shades of Feeling; by a durable voice, I mean one that is capable of two, four, six, or eight hours of use daily, without causing hoarseness, huskiness or irritation of the vocal organs.

To obtain these characteristics or qualities of voice is our present aim.

VOICE FORMATION.

"I would advise every aspirant to eloquence to carefully CULTIVATE *his voice, to acquire a perfect command of that organ, if possible. By careful, earnest frequent training, a defective voice may not only be improved, but an astonishing mastery gained over it. A naturally harsh voice, which, without training, would grate upon the ears of others, may be so brought into subjection as to become musical in all its modulations. A power may be gained of uttering clear, pro-*

longed, trumpet tones, or sounds as sweet and penetrating as the echoes lingering about the soul long after their lips have ceased speaking to us,—as some voices will echo on forever!"—JOHN B. GOUGH.

VOCALITY.

Action of Diaphragm—Breathing, Production of Tone—Directing the Tone Current.

What are the conditions for the proper *Production of Tone*?

1. *Proper Action of the Diaphragm.*
2. *The Throat and Pharynx well Open.*
3. *The Current of Tone directed well forward from the Throat.*

Briefly, the power that produces the tone is at the waist—the diaphragm; the instrument of tone is in the throat—the larynx; the quality of tone, after its formation depends upon the expansion of the pharynx and the manner in which the tone is directed past the teeth and lips. The only noticeable action in the production of tone should be that of the diaphragm. No movement or exertion, whatever, should be felt at the throat.

In all strong, physical exercises, the diaphragm plays a most important part. Place the hands at the waist, while walking briskly, ascending stairs, running; or note the movement of these muscles while fencing, boxing, lifting some heavy weight, and you will observe a vigorous action of the diaphragm.

These muscles are capable of an outward movement of several hundred pounds' pressure, and it is by their action, properly directed and controlled, the tone should be produced.

BREATHING PRACTICE.

1. *Drawing Breath.*

Cut 8.

Stand as in Cut 3; right foot advanced, supporting the body; hands at waist, fingers to the front. Now, draw a quick, full breath, moving the hands outward as much as possible. Draw *this* breath through the lips, and keep the shoulders firm as possible. Breathe again, with a quick *gasp*, moving the waist outward quickly and firmly. Practice until you can do this with the action of the diaphragm, without movement of the shoulders. Learn to breathe in this way and you will never be "out of breath" while speaking.

2. *Holding the Waist Firm.*

Fill the lungs as in exercise 1, and holding the entire body firm, retain the breath from ten to thirty seconds. Do not hold breath long enough to cause dizziness. Repeat this exercise and when holding the waist firm, strike the waist with the tips of the fingers, very lightly, at first; then, more vigorously. Repeat each exercise six times.

3. *Respiration.*

Round the lips well as if to form *O;* blow all the air from the lungs. Then, keeping lips rounded, and the body firm, do not allow any air to enter the lungs for ten, fifteen, twenty or even thirty seconds. After waiting as long as you can with convenience, draw the air suddenly into the lungs, filling them to their utmost capacity, expanding the waist fully and forcibly. Repeat.

4. *Walking Practice for Breathing.*

Fill the lungs as in exercise 1. Hold the waist muscles firmly out and walk across the room. Walk again, and draw a quick breath when necessary. Practice frequently, a few minutes at a time, and you will soon be able to hold these muscles firm when walking upon the street. Observe, that you are to fill the lungs each time quickly and with a movement at the waist alone, without raising the chest. This single practice will double the power of many voices in six weeks.

5. Breathe now, and count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; 1, 2, &c., and after each 10, catch breath again, by waist movement. Then practice, and take breath after each 15, as: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14. 15; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; 1, 2, 3, &c. Again, and breathe after each 20, as: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20; 1, 2, 3, and so on, until you can run to 50, 75 or 100, with each breath.

6. Give a long, full gasp, drawing the air through the lips, as if starting in surprise, or dismay, or sudden astonishment. Fill the lungs very full at the waist and *then* allow the chest to expand and the shoulders to rise, and hold this breath for some seconds; then allow it to escape by means of a whistle of astonishment, or prolonged whe——ew! Make this whistling sound as long and loud as possible.

7. Fill the lungs, as in 6, and expend the air upon the sound of *S*, making it sharp and hissing, like the sound of escaping steam, and all the while keep the waist pressing firmly outward. Likewise, practice the sound of *Sh* as in *Shun*.

Also, upon *L* as in *Like*, keeping the end of the tongue against the forward part of the roof of the mouth.

Also, upon *M* as in *Men*, keeping the lips firmly closed.

Also, upon *N* as in *N-o*, keeping the lips slightly apart and the tip of the tongue firmly against the roof of the mouth, just back of the teeth.

Also, upon *R*, as in *R-oar*. Keeping the tip of the tongue back against the roof of the mouth and held rather firm.

All the above must be given with great firmness, and prolonged as long as is possible. Keep the waist firm, and a strong, outward pressure of the diaphragm throughout each exercise.

TONE FORMATION.

*"Deep, massive, resonant, many-stringed, changeful, vast in volume, of wondrous flexibility and range, delivering with ease and power of instant and total interchange, trumpet-tones, bell tones, tones like the 'sound of many waters,' like the muffled and confluent roar of bleak-grown pines. * * * He carried distinctness of articulation to the extreme."—Description of the Elder Booth's voice, by* GOULD, *in 'The Tragedian.'*

1. Stand as in Cut 3. Utter a quick, short sound of *O* long. The waist should move outward, firmly and quickly, as in former exercises. Repeat a number of times, as if shouting to some one at a distance. Do not move the shoulders or the upper part of the chest; but at each utterance the waist should move firmly outward,—*not* inward.

2. Pronounce the following words, observing all the directions of 1. Make the accent strong and full, and pronounce each syllable distinctly. Keep the waist very firm:

Arm-ament,	*Astro-nom-ical.*
Inde-pen-dent,	*Abo-rig-ines,*
De-mon-strative,	*Geo-log-ical,*
Mon-stros-ity,	*Indestructi-bil-ity,*
Indis-crim-inate,	*Arch-itecture.*

Practice repeatedly, until you give each accented syllable all the force possible, and at each accent the waist has a firm outward movement.

3. Holding the waist firm, walk about the room, repeating the long sound of *A*,—or pronouncing the words given above. Do not move the shoulders or the upper part of the chest.

4. Observing all preceding directions, repeat the following sentences, stopping to catch breath at each dash. In taking breath, there must be no movement of the shoulders, only of the diaphragm:

a. There was sound of revelry by night—and Belgium's Capitol had gathered then her beauty and her chivalry—and bright the lamps shown o'er fair women and brave men.—A thousand hearts beat happily—and, when music arose—with her voluptuous swell — soft eyes looked love — to eyes that spake again—and all went merry as a marriage bell.

b. No more for them the blazing hearth shall burn,—
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,—
No children run to lisp their sire's return,—
Or climb his knee—the envied kiss to share.

c. How are the mighty fallen! — and, — regardless as we are of common death—shall not the fall of the mighty affect us?—A short time since—and he who is the occasion of our sorrows—was the ornament of his country.—He stood on an eminence—and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen:—suddenly, forever fallen.—His intercourse with the living world is now ended—and those who would hereafter find him,—must seek him in the grave.

d. (Repeat rapidly.) You speak like a boy,—like a boy,—who thinks the gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.—Can I forget—that I have been branded as an outlaw,—stigmatized as a traitor,—a price set on my head,—as if I had been a wolf,—my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox,—whom all may torment, vilify, degrade and insult?—*They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs.—The miserable highland drover, bankrupt, barefoot, stripped of all, hunted down,—because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay,—shall burst upon them with an awful change.

Practice over again and again, until you can repeat each example with ease and smoothness. Then practice again and make the number of pauses less by one-half, and so continue until you can repeat each example with a single breath.

In speaking, breath should be taken *frequently* and the lungs should at no time be too fully charged with air, as it is unnatural, inconvenient, and likely to cause huskiness.

Remember that cold air expands when warmed, and the lungs can be acted upon much better, if only moderately filled. Observe your breathing in conversation, and you will see it accords with the plan stated.

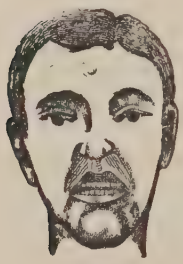
Remember, too, that loudness does *not* depend upon the *amount* of air, but upon the *proper use* of air. He is not the best cornetist or flutist who blows the hardest or uses the most breath, neither is he the best speaker who blows the hardest. Develop the lungs, certainly; but use only a moderate supply of air when speaking. These exercises I have given are for development. Breathe as I have shown and you will be able to fill the lungs by a single, quick movement of the diaphragm—a movement requiring less time than the utterance of a single word. Thus you will breathe naturally, freely, easily, and *never* be out of breath.

Direction of Tone at the Lips.

POSITIONS OF JAW, TEETH, LIPS, TONGUE AND THROAT.

Much depends upon the manner in which the tones pass the *Teeth* and *Lips*. The teeth are hard and firm and if the sound strikes them it will have a clear, metallic ring; but, if the lips are closed so as to cover the teeth, the sound will be dull, muffled, and the consonants indistinct. Also, if the sound strike the upper teeth only, the tone will be nasal and the consonants confused.

Observe *three positions of Lips.*

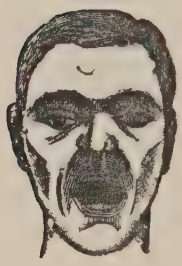


Cut 5.

1. Lateral, as in Cut 5; the lips slightly parted, as if listening, or smiling, showing the *tips* of upper and lower teeth.

2. More fully parted, showing still the tips of the teeth, but not more than the tips. Cut 6.

3. The Lips perfectly rounded, forced well forward, so as to hollow the cheeks and the teeth are well hidden from view. Cut 7.

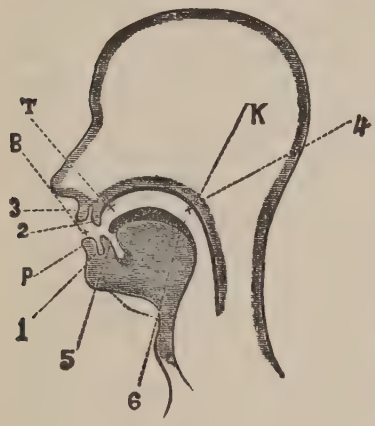


Cut 6.

A few experiments will convince the student of the importance of observing the above positions. But few persons direct the sound from the throat well forward to the teeth, and on this account the tones are husky and consonants obscured.

Cut 7.

When the lips are rounded as in Cut 7, the sound must still be well directed forward. When this is done, and the diaphragm is kept firm, every word and every letter of every word, will be distinctly heard,—the light whisper as well as the fullest tone. Remember, that indistinctness more generally attends loud speaking than low. For when loud, the column of sound as it leaves the throat frequently strikes the back part of the roof of the mouth, and must be reflected forward to the teeth and lips. While a properly formed tone should be directed from the throat well forward.



Cut 8.

Thus, in Cut 8, the sound if directed to point at end of line *K*, and deflected from that point, will expand in every direction, and will be confused with the following syllables. But if the flow of sound be directed forward to the point at end of line *B*, all the vocal sounds will be clear and vibratory, and the consonant sounds much more distinct.

POSITION OF THE JAW.

While producing a vocal sound, the jaw should be held firm, though not rigid or stiff. Thus the sound will be clear, vibrant, and each element clear cut. In this way, also, you will avoid the blurring and slurring of vocal sounds, so frequently and painfully noticeable in the utterance of mediocre elocutionists. For this fault, elocution has received much censure, and justly so. This frequent drawling out of age into a-*ee*ge and time into ti-*ee*me with the spasmodic gyrations of lips and jaw, is nowhere heard, except as one of the evils of misdirected elocutionary exertion. It is natural to no one, and has never yet been heard from the lips of any eloquent lecturer, or actor. There *is* an after sound to these vowels, but it is to be made as little noticeable as possible, not drawn out until it becomes ludicrous.

This sound is best made by a slight movement at the base of the tongue, and not by an action of the entire jaw. It must be blent softly in utterance and this is best done by not moving the jaw. Now, if you still doubt this fact, try it both ways. I have spoken of it at length, because so many books and teachers wax loud—if not eloquent—in praise of that mode which is opposed to nature. Some even say these sounds cannot be formed by holding the jaw firm. *Try it!* All vocal sounds of our language can be made without the slightest movement of the jaw. For some sounds, the teeth are more widely separated, but the *jaw* should be firm *while prolonging the sound.* The firmer the jaw, the clearer the tone and the more distinct the articulation.

EXERCISES FOR DIRECTION AND VIBRATION OF TONE.

Cut 13.

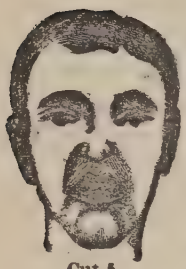
Then read from the treasured volume
The Poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice;

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In all vocal exercises, keep the waist firm.

AT THE LIPS.


Cut 6.

1. *La,-a as in age.* Pronounce La firmly, holding organs as in Cut. Repeat many times. The sound should ring sharply from the teeth, and be clear and vibratory. It will be somewhat harsh, but if properly made will not irritate the throat. Gradually increase the effort until you reach your fullest limit.

2. *Sta,-a as in age.* Same position of organs and same sound of vowel.

Pronounce *Sta* firmly and prolong the *A;* make the sound firm, clear and ringing. Repeat many times and also practice in different pitches. If properly produced—with waist firm and sound vibrating from the teeth—this tone has wonderful power of penetration. In the open air, a voice thus produced will carry a mile, with but little effort on the part of the speaker.

Cut 7.

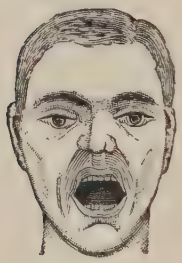
3, *Lo,-o long.* With lips as in Cut 7, pronounce Lo and prolong *O.* Try many times, and keep the jaw and lips motionless after you begin the *O* sound. Make the sound strong and firm and prolong it.

4. *Sta,-a as in age.* Lips as in Cut 7. Prolong the *A.* This will produce a coarse, open, vibratory sound. If properly made, you will feel it vibrate from the hard palate and teeth. Make a vigorous tone and prolong it well.

5. *Sto,-o, as in old.* Begin with lips as in 7, and as you proceed, open the lips slightly until you uncover the tips of the teeth, and thus you will make the tone more vibratory, and, without any additional effort, you will seem to double the power of the tone. Repeat carefully.

6. *Sta,-a, as in all.* Position of the lips in 7, and practice in same manner.

NOTE.—In all these exercises make the opening consonants very strong.



Cut 6.

7. A-rm. Position as in 6, and prolong this *A*. Keep waist firm, and the jaw still, while giving the sound, and you may notice distinctly the clear, vibratory quality of sound, as it comes from the palate and teeth.

8. Practice the same with lips slightly projected, covering the teeth somewhat more, and you make the sound more soft and flute-like. You will perceive that by these exercises you can make tones sharp and ringing, or covered, muffled, at will.

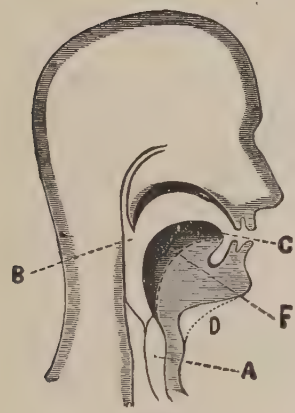
9. O-ver. Prolong *O* with lips well open as in Cut 6; making it clear and vibratory. Then again with lips as in Cut 7, making the closed or covered sound. You can thus make different degrees of this sound. If you close the lips entirely, it will become the closely muffled sound of *M*.

10. Pronounce the following words and prolong the opening vowel—making the sound vibratory. Do not move the jaw while prolonging the *vocal:*

a. *Arm, armor, armament, arch.*
b. *On, often, officer, honest.*
c. *All, august, autumn, awful.*
e. *Ease, easily, easiest, eastern.*
d. *Only, oldest, overthrow, ocean.*

TO OPEN THE THROAT.

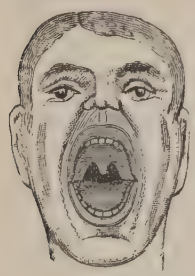
Exercises for Expansion of the Larynx and the Pharynx; to lower the Base of the Tongue and Render the Tone Full, Round and Smooth.

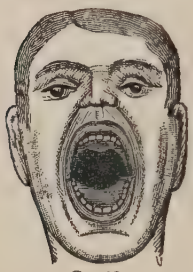


Cut 10.

It is desirable to make the passage for the sound from the larynx to the lips, as round, open and tube-like as possible. Thus, to bring the sound from *A* to the lips,—see Cut 10, it is necessary to lower the tongue at the base *D*, expand the pharynx *B*, and raise the veil of the palate *F*.

Open the mouth well and by the aid of a glass, you may observe of the upper part: 1, the teeth; 2, the hard palate; 3, the soft palate; 4, the back or wall of the throat. Of the lower jaw: 1, the teeth; 2, the tip of the tongue; 3, the middle and base of the tongue. You will observe that the veil of the palate and the base of the tongue almost close the opening from the throat. It is the object of our exercises to raise the veil of the palate, and depress and hollow the base of the tongue, and also to fully expand the entire cavity of the pharynx.


Cut 11.


Cut 12.

If you will open the mouth as in Cut 11, and then make an effort to yawn or swallow, you will observe the veil of the palate will rise and the base of the tongue descend, opening the throat as in Cut 12. You will notice the enlargement of the throat cavity, if you place the thumb and fingers at the larynx, close up under the chin, as in Cut 9.

Now, this open throat you must have for the production of strong, full, deep, round, vibratory and musical tone. Practice all these exercises with this view, of opening and holding open the throat. As long as the veil of the palate and base of the tongue are in their relaxed or flabby condition, and the throat almost closed, there can be no clear, resonant tone. The throat must be held well open, the tongue, soft palate, jaw and lips, held firmly in proper position.

Cut 9.

EXERCISES.

1. Round the lips and project them well as in Cut 7. Draw a quick, full breath. Do this by action of the diaphragm,—do not move the shoulders,—and allow the air to enter through the lips. Repeat several times. This mode of drawing the breath will open the throat. Draw breath, and again holding the lips, throat and waist firm, utter the sound of *O, as in old*, quick, short, abrupt, much like a deep cough. After several attempts, prolong the sound. Repeat often.

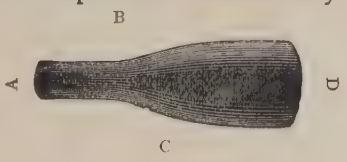
2. Make the movement in the throat as of swallowing, firmly and slowly, and at the same instant project and round the lips well, as in Cut 7. After some practice, *hold* all parts of the throat in position they take in the swallowing effort, and utter the sound of *Oo*, after manner of Ex. 1. Practice prolonging the sound, keeping the organs all firm while doing so.

Use the sound of *O* in like manner. Also, *A*, as in *a*rm; *A* as in *a*ll.

3. Place the lips as in Cut 7, project the chin, raise it well, thus throwing the head well back. Now, open the throat as if to *gargle* it, that is, as if to fill it with water and hold it in the throat without swallowing it. Some little practice in this way will enable you to expand the throat very fully. Test the action by placing the thumb and finger at the throat, as in Cut 9. Holding the throat as if to *gargle* it, repeat all the exercises of 1 and 2.

4. **Lo.** Pronounce Lo. Make *L* very strong and for *O*, project the lips very well; put the throat in position of *swallowing*, then make this *O* slowly, firmly, *as if trying to swallow the sound.* This will force the throat well open. Prolong the sound but do not allow any movement of the organs while doing so.

5. **Now.** Pronounce *Now* slowly; hold the tone and make a strong effort as if to *swallow* the sound. Do it in this way: begin the sound firmly and *while prolonging*, project and round the lips forcibly and force the throat wide open at the same instant. As you do this the sound will open and become very full and strong. The cut may suggest it, — the point *A*, the opening of the sound; *B* where you



make the effort to swallow; *C*, the fuller, stronger tone; *D*, prolongation of the tone. Place the fingers as in Cut 9, and test the opening of the throat. Practice well, as it is a valuable exercise.

6. **O.** Pronounce *O* as if making a short, abrupt cough to dislodge something from the throat. In making this effort, throw the head forward, project the lips but do not close them too nearly, and open the throat wide. When you can do this, then try to prolong the sound. This will require some practice.

7. **No!** Pronounce very firmly and forcibly, *No!* Prolong the *N* and make the *O* strong and full. Prolong the *O*, as long as possible, being sure to make it powerful. You cannot prolong it more than five or ten seconds, if you make it strong. Let it show your *will* power.

8. **LO!** *Lo!* Pronounce firmly and with open throat, *Lo!* Then, holding the organs firm, except the tongue, repeat in the same pitch, but very softly, as an echo of the first sound, *Lo.* After practice, repeat the second, several times.

Lo! Lo! *Lo! Lo!* **Lo! Lo!** *Lo! Lo!* **Lo! Lo!** *Lo! Lo!* The heavy type will suggest the loud tone, the light face the soft tone. Keep all on one pitch.

9. Strike *Lo!* firmly and make a series of the syllables allowing them to gradually die away.

LO! LO! Lo! Lo! Lo! Lo! Make each syllable distinct, keeping the vocal tone clear.

Try this last practice, beginning light and gradually increasing.

10. **O.** Pronounce *O* suddenly, as if giving a deep, hoarse cough. After several attempts, prolong this tone.

Then increase the power gradually to your fullest limit, making it as full and as long as possible.

11. **No!** Pronounce *No!* firmly. Make the *N* strong and allow the throat to open wide for the *O*. Then prolong the *O*, allowing it to gradually diminish in sound. Utter the *No!* as if angry and determined. It should show the *will power* of the speaker.

12. Practice *Now! Now! Now!* several times and holding the throat as in the exercise, repeat the following. Repeat each six times, with the slightest pause between.

1. Now o'er the one-half world—Now o'er the one-half world—Now o'er the one-half world—Now o'er the one half world.

2. Now I am alone—Now I am alone—Now I am alone, &c.

3. All are scattered now and fled—All are scattered now and fled, &c.

4. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll—Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll, etc.

5. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light. (Repeat.)

6. So, all day long the noise of battle rolled among the mountains by the wintry sea.

7. Loud and high pitch. *Now, glory to the Lord of Hosts to whom all glories are.*

13. *Shouting and Calling.* As if to some one at a great distance, shout and prolong "Ho!" Make the O long as Ho═══O, high pitch. Also, "Over," as "O═══ver! O═══ver I say." So "Hollo═══oa! Bo═══oat! Aho═══y!" Likewise: "*Rejoice! you men of*

Angiers! Ring your Bells! King John, your King and England's doth approach! Open your gates and give the victors way."

BENEFITS OF EXERCISES.

The one object of all these exercises is the development of *Voice powers.* But other excellent results will follow their practice.

1. They develop all muscles of the waist and thus give support to the trunk, and render the carriage of body erect and firm.

2. They will correct bad habits of standing, stepping, careless walking, and give vigor and elasticity to all movements of body.

3. They will improve the general health. They promote digestion, improve the circulation of the blood, and cultivate a habit of full, deep breathing, thus directly strengthening the lungs and increasing the general vitality.

4. They render the constitution capable of greater endurance, so you will not be fatigued, out of breath, or nervous, after a short walk, running, or ascending two or three flights of stairs.

5. There never was known a case of stammering, stuttering, huskiness, sore throat, where these muscles were in habitual use.

Therefore, for health, comfort, voice, ease and grace of action, and general success, practice these exercises.

SPEECH ARTICULATION.

I think I love and honor all Arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, that was Painting; He peopled it with loving beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.—

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Correct *Articulation* of all the Sound Elements of our language is most essential to oral delivery. We have studied the production of *Speech-Sound, Vocality, Sub-vocality and Aspiration;* Articulation is the forming from this Sound Material the elements of oral speech. These Elements are of Three Kinds:—

I. VOCALITY, OR PURE TONE.

They are represented by the vowels of our language, as follows:

A.

1. *A.* As in ages, aching, wave, spray, strait.
2. *A.* " " all, altars, awful, falling.
3. *A.* " " arch, artisan, armament, charmer.
4. *A.* " " ask, flash, and, bask, clasp.
5. *A.* " " at, arrow, narrow, chat, character.
6. *A.* " " air, fairy, parent, fairy, stair.

E.

1. *E.* As in eve, meed, meteor, peer.

2. *E.* As in net, message, ferry, pent, wend.
3. *E.* " " erring, heresy, ermined.

I.

1. *I.* As in idle, time, fighting, fiery.
2. *I.* " " pin, picture, mitten, list, wither.
3. *I.* " " sir, mirth, myrtle, virtue.

O.

1. *O.* As in over, only, host, gory, woeful.
2. *O.* " " on, office, forest, odd, not, upon,
3. *Oo.* " " book, looking, woman, would.
4. *Oø.* " " mood, food, good, tomb.

U.

1. *U.* As in using, bluish, newsboy, dukedom.
2. *U.* " " utter, nutmeg, dusty, rusty.
3. *U.* " " urge, murky, purpose, further.

Oi.

1. *Oi.* As in oily, soil, coiling, ointment.

Ow.

1. *Ow.* As in hourly, bowers, housedog, sour.

II. ASPIRATION, BREATH SOUNDS.

These have no vocality,—they are formed by the compression and explosion or escapement of air from the vocal organs.

THEY ARE THE FOLLOWING.

P. As in pensive, repentance, crept, power, apostle, spendthrift, picture, impulsive.

T. As in tenderly, step'd, strict, stifle, tempestuous, telling, tell-tale, ticklish, terrible.

K. As in kent, kill'st, chemical, likened, trickster.

F. As in fester, feverish, fashion, fools, fiercely, fetters, folding, fuse, further, fitness.

H. As in history, heavens, hosts, hit, holiness, hustle, humorous, highest.

Ch. As in chester, chain, chairman, churchman, chisel, cheerfully.

Qu. As in quest, quarterly, quote, requiting, queenly, inquisition.

S. As in sentinel, sensitive, saturate, satisfy, soldier, sameness, saucily, supercede, century.

Sh. As in shed, shatter, shaking, wash, crash, shoulder, shelter, sharply.

Sp. As in spent, spinster, sparkled, sport, sputtering, splendid.

St. As in stark, styx, stoical, stern.

Th. As in thinly, thistle, thankful, thought, worth, withstand.

Wh. As in whisper, whip'd, whirled, whensoever, whatever.

SUB-VOCALITY.

TONE AND BREATH SOUNDS.

In these sounds, the vocality of pure tone elements is interrupted or held back in the throat, producing a murmuring sound as in *M.* If you close the lips firmly and holding them so, attempt to make *A* as in arm, you will produce only a low, indistinct, murmuring sound. This is the base sound of all subvocals.

THEY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

B. As in best, beckon, battering, boldest, buttercup, rebel, bitterest, builder.

D. As in dentist, despair, indicative, deducible, doting, dutiful.

G. As in guest, get, galling, gasping, gold, ghostly, regret, degree, disguise.

J. As in jet, Jefferson, gesture, jack-knife, gentlemen, juicy.

L. As in liken, listener, lately, lilacs, lute-like, luster, melancholy.

M. As in mist, minstrel, membership, monarch, momently, mischief.

N. As in net, necessary, nectar, nevertheless, necromancy, neither, nightly.

R. As in rocket, rascal, roaming, rustle, righteously, wrestling.

V. As in vesture, vivid, victory, vantage, vilify, voices, revenge, voucher.

W. As in wisdom, wickedness, waste, wonderment, woeful, would'st.

Y. As in yesterday, yeoman, beyond, yacht, yet, yawl, yonder.

Z. As in zest, zephyr, zigzag, lose, degrees, resounding, resonance.

Th. As in though, they, that, the, thine.

COMBINED ASPIRATION

AND SUB VOCALITY.

Pl. As in place, plant, help, plotter, plumage.

Pr. As in price, practical, pretty, prone.

Spl. As in splinter, splendid, splurge, explode.

Spr. As in spread, sprung, spritely.

Str. As in stricken, strife, struggle, strangle.

Tr. As in tremblest, triflest, betray, tried, trusted.

Mp. As in hump, camp, tramp, clump, trump.

Ld'st. As in would'st, could'st, likened'st, mind'st, await'st.

N'd'st. As in blacken'd'st, hearken'd'st.

To Produce Consonant Sounds.

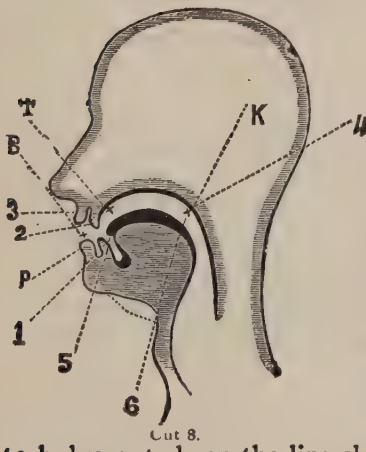
There are three distinct classes of consonant sounds, *Lip*, *Tongue* and *Palate Sounds*.

Each class has one *Base Consonant*, which being well formed, all others of its class may be easily produced.

If you can produce forcibly and fully *P*, *T* and *K* you can form all others. The reason is obvious; for, if you make these three well, you have developed and trained the muscles of the *lips* and *tongue*, and the rest is easy.

I might add that this division is very old—it has all the recommendations of many centuries of practice. It is formed upon the very structure of the organs of articulation. Try it well and you will soon be satisfied as to its merits.

BASE CONSONANT FORMATION.



Cut 8.

P. Fill the lungs well and hold the waist firm. Pronounce *pen* as follows: Close the lips very firmly, compel the waist muscles to make a firm outward pressure until the air is forced very firmly into the throat and mouth, but do not allow the cheeks to bulge out; keep the lips closed with great pressure

for several seconds, then allow them to part and the teeth to open slightly as you pronounce *Pen.* Repeat this often, making it with great force and holding *P* as long as possible. Keep the waist very firm and be *determined.* When you pronounce the word, do not open the mouth very wide. This exercise will *develop the lips.*

T. Press the tip of the tongue firmly against the palate, just back of the teeth at *T* in Cut 8. Keep the waist firm and force the air into the mouth as before. Hold the tongue firm as long as possible and finally explode the air upon the syllable *Ten.* Do not allow the waist to relax, even when you produce the sound.

K. Draw the tongue back well to *K* in Cut 8. Hold the air as before and explode it on the syllable *Ken.* You should hold the organs in position a long time before producing the sound. These sounds depend for their power upon the compression and explosion of air. So, if you do not keep the waist very firm, they will have little power. You must keep the lips, tongue, throat, in proper position, and firm, but the amount of power you can give a consonant sound depends mainly upon the waist. Pupils seldom think of this. They are of the opinion that the fault is at the lips and tongue—more frequently it is at the waist. All the organs must be firm, and very firm. Practice these three sounds many times. Then practice the sounds of the following tables:

ARTICULATION CHARTS.

Chart of Consonant Articulation,

ARRANGED AND CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO PHYSIOLOGICAL FORMATION.

LABIALS OR LIP FORMATION.	LINGUALS OR TONGUE FORMATION.	PALATALS OR PALATE FORMATION.
P.	**T.**	**K.**
P—Pen,	T—Ten,	K—Ken,
B—Ben,	D—Den,	G—Gen,
F—Fen	L—Lent,	Q—Quest,
M—Men,	Y—Yet,	Ng—Song
V—Vent,	N—Net,	R—Rest,
W—Went,	R—Rent	
	S—Sent,	Z—Zest,
	Z—Azure,	J—Jest,
	Th—Thin.	Th—This,
	Ch—Church,	Sh—Shun.

H is only breathing.

M, n, l, r, ng, are liquid sounds; they may be produced indefinitely.

Practice each word six times, making each initial element distinct and firm. Hold each opening sound for several seconds. Be sure that *every* element is distinctly sounded. The following order of practice will be found beneficial:

1st. Give the full base sound, making it clear and full and vibrant, ringing sharply from the pharynx and the teeth, thus avoiding all flabbiness of tone.

2d. Practice each syllable and word, making each consonant element clear and distinct, with utmost force and precision.

3d. Practice all sounds, words and phrases, in

slow, strong whisper, keeping the waist firm and the current of sound directed well forward to the teeth.

PRACTICE THE FOLLOWING IN LIKE MANNER.

Bake,	Blade,	Bricks,	Blasts,	Babes,
Dark,	Drank,	Drawls,	Drink'st,	Deeds,
Fall,	Frock,	Franks,	Freshened,	Fifes,
Game,	Groan,	Grimes,	Grasp'st	Gags,
Hast,	Shard,	Shards,	Shak'st,	Height.
Jet,	Jest,	Jests,	Jestests,	Jibes,
Keep,	Skip,	Skulks,	Skipped,	Likes,
Load,	Slay,	Slats,	Slyest,	Lulls,
Moan,	Smith,	Smarts,	Smotherest,	Mimes,
Nets,	Snow,	Snows,	Sniveled,	Nines,
Pit,	Spent,	Spends,	Spendest,	Pipes,
Quart,	Squelch,	Squirts,	Squelsh'st,	Quash,
Rail,	Prate,	Strength,	Prat'st,	Rears,
Some,	Shark,	Split,	Swerv'st,	Sends,
Tend,	Stick,	Stalks,	Stalkd'st,	Tights,
Vice,	Evict,	Vest,	Vestured,	Vile.
Vill,	Will'st,	Sweat,	Wish'st,	Warm'st
Yes,	Yacht,	Yoke,	Shortened,	Church,
Zone,	Zest,	Zephyr,	Withered'st,	

BLENDING OF ELEMENTS.

We must now learn to blend the aspiration, subvocality and vocality nicely for syllables. The *vocal*, a hard part of a syllable, must be covered with the softer sounds or the words will be very harsh. There must be no hissing, sputtering sounds. In the following exercises, produce several times the Vocal at the top of the list with clear, ringing vocality, making it vibrate well from the tips of the teeth. Then pronounce the list of words, giving each word three times, and also the phrase that follows, making every element of every word distinct, clear and smooth.

Practice also each exercise in a clear, full whisper, making each element with the utmost distinctness. Also, in a *loud whisper*, having partial vocality; this will soon give you full control of all the consonant elements.

Remember it is not a question of how often nor how long you practice, but how *carefully* you practice. Fifteen minutes of vigorous practice will benefit you more than hours of careless repetitions of words or sentences. Train the muscles; get the organs to work properly; make P, T and K firmly and distinctly. Then you will succeed.

CHART B.

A

Ages.	*Arm.*	*Ask.*
Ages,	Arm,	Ask,
Pages,	Armor,	Lash,
Mazy,	Armament,	Clashing,
Paymaster,	Marshalled,	Masterless,
Palefaced,	Martyrdom,	Fastest.
Pastry,	Harshly,	
Chastened,	Harmonize,	
	Harmonies,	
	Harness-clasp,	
	Architectural,	

At.	*All.*	*Air.*
At,	All,	Air,
Rapt,	Awful,	Airiness,
Battlements,	Drawling,	Chairman,
Matchless,	Appalling,	Lairs,
Characters,	Alderman,	Wariness,
Arrowy,		
Narrowness,		

Armed and marshalled.
All hearts are marshalled there and armed.
All hail! war's champion, hail!
Ages after they have vanished.
All are scattered now and fled.

E

Ease.	*Elf.*	*Err.*
Easy,	Elfish,	Earthly,
Easiness,	Met,	Earliest,
Needful,	Merriest,	Merciful,
Eagle-sweep,	Mental,	Were,
Eastern,	Detriment,	Heritage,
Greediness,	Helmet-crested,	Heroism,
	Heaven-sent,	Earth-swept.

Ermine-decked.
We bewept her death.
All earth bedecked.
Earnestly endeavoring.

I

Ice.	*It.*	*Sir.*
Idler,	List,	Mirthful,
Idleness,	Mystic,	Myrtle,
Lightning,	Nimble,	Bird-like,
Flight,	History,	Stirring,
Brightening,	Hymnal,	Stirrup-cup,
Wisest.	Sickness,	Birth-right,
White-light,	Stringency,	
	Scimetar.	

It is my will.
Whither wilt thou fly?
This is whimsical.
Arm with speed and bring defense.
All withered and withering with age.
Ye glittering stars of night.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.
All silent as the mighty dead.
Beneath the wide-wayed earth.

O

Oa.	*On.*	*Oo.*
Oak,	Onward,	Ooze,
Over-borne,	Ot ernest,	Tomb,
Hoary-headed,	Coffinless,	Looming,
Ocean-moan,	Lofty-forest,	Gloominess,
Nobleness,	Horrible,	Moodily,
Sonority,	From-far,	Wooingly,
	Upon-honor,	Wooed,
		Would'st.

One	*Book.*
Wondrously,	Bookish,
Once,	Looking,
Wonderment,	Brooks.

From monument to monument.
Crossed and then recrossed.
All are architects of Fate,
Working in these halls of Time.
Alas! Poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio.
Woman shall look
I remember most distinctly.
The combat deepens; on ye brave!
On Linden, when the sun was low.

U

Use.	*Up.*	*Rule.*
Usefully,	Utter,	Brutish,
Music,	Nutshell,	Grusome,
Bluish,	Mustering,	Cruelty,
L te-like,	Murdered,	Strewing,
Suicides of suitors.	New nooses.	

Rude suitors mocked and laughed.
And mustering came his chosen troops.
False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan.

Ou-t.	*Oi-l.*
Outside,	Soiling,
Loud-mouthed,	Loitering,
House-tops,	Turmoil.

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud.
An itching palm. An arrow swift and winged!

Tone, Range and Flexibility.

Our next object is to make the voice capable of wide range of pitch, and of easy transition from grave to acute, or acute to grave.

EXERCISES.

HO!		LO!		NO!		NOW!	
9	1	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
8	2	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
7	3	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
6	4	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
5	5	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
4	6	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
3	7	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
2	8	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now
1	9	Lo	Lo	No	No	Now	Now

1. Begin at 1 and count to 9 allowing the voice to gradually rise in pitch, and after you reach 9, pronounce "Ho!" very strongly in the highest pitch you can reach with firm tone. Practice many times and

try to make "Ho!" each time on a higher pitch. Make each tone clear and distinct and see to it that the voice ascends gradually in pitch.

2. Shout "Ho!" on as high a pitch as your voice can well take and from this pitch begin and count from 1 to 9 descending until at 9 you have as low a pitch as you can take with clear tone.

3. In like manner use "**LO**," "**NO**," and "**NOW**."

Some one may ask, why not use the musical scale for this work? My answer is, I intend this book for *many* students. Some of these cannot run the scale with accuracy. These tones must all be given with decision and promptness. Therefore, I fear some would follow the scale in a hesitating manner and thus *slur* or drag from one pitch to another. Not many speakers are good singers. Few of our greatest actors can sing. The same is true of orators. If, however, you can render these exercises with regular intervals of the scale, good enough.

But you must not attempt to speak selections on pre-arranged and designated pitches. For the pitch of emphasis will vary with impulse when speaking; also the general tone of delivery depends upon mental energy. The voice must be capable of wide range, but the instant of delivery must decide the pitch to be used.

We do not know how many degrees of pitch the voice may make. They are like the points in a line —of infinite number. For convenience we speak of pitch as *Low*, *Medium*, *High*.

Now instead of one word, use a phrase or sentence, and repeat it nine times, each time in a higher pitch, after this manner:

9. Now o'er the one-half world.
8. Now o'er the one-half world.
7. Now o'er the one-half world.
6. Now o'er the one-half world.
5. Now o'er the one-half world.
4. Now o'er the one-half world.
3. Now o'er the one-half world.
2. Now o'er the one-half world.
1. Now o'er the one-half world.

So with the following sentences:

a. The soul should soar to nobler heights than power.

b. I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones,
Of their dead selves to nobler things.

c. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

d. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-
ment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be jubilant
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

e. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!
Ring out the Old, ring in the New;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the False, ring in the True!

Scale Practice.

CLIMAX AND TRANSITION.

Begin with 1 and read the lines from *below upward* until you reach 6, allowing the voice to gradually ascend; then from 6 change to your lowest firm pitch for 7 and 8. Make the steps wider until 6 is your highest clear pitch, and 8 your lowest. Keep the tone smooth throughout and articulate all sounds very distinctly.

SCALE A.

D. *6. Lives in death with glorious fame,*
N *5. So the life that died in shame,*
E *4. Gives her fame that never dies;*
C *3. Death in guerdon of her wrongs,*
S *2. Is the Hero that here lies,*
A *1. Done to death by slanderous tongues*
Low. { *7. Hang thou there upon her tomb,*
8. Praising her when I am dumb

SCALE B.

Practice the following in like manner:

D. 6. *Or bubbles that on water stood;*
N 5. *Or like the wind that chafes the flood,*
E 4. *Or silver drops of morning dew;*
C 3 *Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,*
S 2. *Or as the flights of eagles are,*
A 1. *Like to the falling of a star,*

Low. { 7. *E'en such is man whose borrowed light,*
8. *Is straight called in and paid to-night.*

SCALE C.

Practice the following, reaching your highest, fullest tone at *throne*, and descending to your lowest on the three words "*down*," "*down*," "*down.*"

8. *Throne,*
7. *Of the remotest*
6. *Even to the steps* *Down,*
5. *Of things that seem and are;*
4. *Through the veil and bar,* *Down,*
3. *Of death and life;*
2. *Through the cloudy strife,*
1. *Through the shades of sleep,* *Down!*

SCALE D.

Read the following, beginning at your lowest firm tone and reaching your highest at the last line. Read with *Will* power—be very determined.

9. *I'd bind it on!*
8. *By all the fiery stars*
7. *Consumed my brain to ashes while it shone,*
6. *And, through its crown of flame*
5. *Mount and burn,*
4. *And, like a steadfast planet*
3. *That the smouldering vault shall spurn,*
2. *A spirit*
1. *But, there's a deathless name,*

Practice also the following, reading down the page:

Othello. Never, Iago, like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up!
Now, by yon marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Use of Words.

THOUGHT-WORD—PHRASE OF IDEA.

An idea may be expressed by a *Word*, a *Phrase*, or *Sentence*. Words are not alike important. In expressing an idea we generally use a group of words of which one is the *Thought-Word* and forms the basis of the group, the other words being merely auxiliary. Thus we say, I am *thirsty*. I have a *book*. You

must do this. We have three phrases and in each phrase ***one*** word that is of prime importance. The three words *thirsty*, *book*, ***must***, contain the ideas; the others but complement the meaning. Thus all oral discourse divides into groups of words of which one part forms the thought center. Our first work then is to understand the phrasing of ideas.

EXERCISE.

Pronounce the following words with strong accent:

1. Inde*pen*dent,
2. Indis*pen*sable,
3. *Won*derful,
4. Conduci*bil*ity.

PRONOUNCE THE FOLLOWING PHRASES.

1. He *fled.*
2. I am *thir*sty,
3. *One* will stay,
4. This is *ter*rible.

ALSO THE FOLLOWING.

1. He is inde*pen*dent.
2. His services are indis*pen*sable.
3. This is regarded as *won*derful.
4. If in thy hands were countless *mil*lions.
5. Why herein is a *won*drous thing.

Observe in a word of several syllables we pronounce one syllable with peculiar force—this is accent. In a phrase, the ***thought-word*** receives an accent much stronger than that of any other part of the phrase—*this is Emphasis.*

A phrase containing one idea is pronounced as one word and the idea is indicated by an accent of Emphasis.

This *emphatic Accent* may change in two ways. 1. It may be placed upon another syllable of the phrase. 2. It may be given different degrees of force and power. Thus a phrase ***may*** have as many different meanings as it has words. Ask the following question six times.

1. Did you see Dick last *night?*
2. Did you see Dick *last* night?
3. Did you see *Dick* last night?
4. Did you *see* Dick last night?
5. Did *you* see Dick last night?
6. *Did* you see Dick last night?

In like manner, the following:

Time shall onward sweep.
Time *shall* onward sweep.
Time shall *onward* sweep.
Time shall onward *sweep.*

Here we readily perceive four different meanings. Repeat, now, this line six times, accenting the first word and increasing the accent at each repetition, as follows:

Time shall onward sweep.
Time shall onward sweep.
TIME shall onward sweep.
TIME shall onward sweep.
TIME shall onward sweep.
TIME shall onward sweep.

Thus you will each time change the meaning of the phrase. Now, as it is not possible to number the degrees of power you can give to the word "Time," and as each word of the phrase may be uttered in like manner, you will readily perceive this phrase may have innumerable meanings. But do not at any time forget that your work is to express fully and clearly *one meaning*. The author of the phrase meant *one thing*, not innumerable things, and your judgment must determine that one meaning and your voice express it. You must follow the author's line of thought

and you must think his thoughts, reproduce his emotions. "*Can we do this?*" Yes, you may do more; you may intensify both the thought and feeling of the author; you may enlarge all conceptions of the author, making the beautiful more beautiful, the strong more strong, the tender more tender still. Remember, the power of vocal expression lies in the application of force to *one part* of the *thought phrase*, not to the entire phrase. Apply this emphatic accent to the syllable of the word that contains the *idea*. Do not be satisfied with uttering words—speak *ideas*.

EXAMPLES.

Practice of Phrasing, Thought Analysis, and Emphasis Accentuation.

In the following, pronounce each phrase as a word, and place the *Accent* upon the word in *Italics*.

1.—The *lilacs* are in blossom |
The *cherry* flowers are white; |
I hear a sound *below* me, |
A twitter of *delight*, |
It is my friend the *swallow*, |
As sure as I'm *alive*! |
I'm very *glad* to see you; |
Pray, *when* did you arrive? |

I'm *very* glad to get here, |
I only came *to-day;* |
I was, this very *morning*, |
A hundred-miles away |

It was a *weary* journey, |
How *tired* you must be! |

Oh! no; I'm *used* to traveling |
And it *agrees* with me. |

2.—I shot an *arrow* into the air, |
It fell to earth, I knew *not-where;* |
For so *swiftly* it flew, | the sight
Could *not-follow* it in its flight. |

I breathed a *song* into the air, |
It fell to earth, I knew not where; |
For who has sight so *keen* | and *strong*, |
That it can follow the flight of song? |

Long *years* after, | in the heart of an *oak*, |
I *found* the arrow, | still *unbroke;* |
And the *song*, | from *beginning-to-end*, |
I found again in the heart of a *friend.* |

In these examples, the usual marks of punctuation are generally omitted. The pauses occur between the phrases.

3.—The *good* | the *great* | the *noble* | and the *brave* | *all* slumber here. |

4.—The golden *sun* | the *planets* | all the infinite hosts of *heaven* | are shining on the sad abodes of *death* through the still lapse of ages. |

5.—The *hills* | *rock-ribbed* | and *ancient* | as the *sun* | the *vales* | stretching in pensive *quietness* between | the venerable *woods* | *rivers* | that move in *majesty* | and the complaining *brooks* | that make the *meadows* green | and poured round *all* | old *ocean's* gray and mel-

ancholy waste | are but the solemn decorations | *all* | of the great *tomb* of man. |

6.—The graces taught in our *schools* | the costly *ornaments* | and studied *contrivances* of speech | *shock* | and *disgust* men | when their own *lives* | and the fate of their *wives* | their *children* | and their *country* hang on the decision of the hour. | Then words have *lost* their power | rhetoric is *vain* | and all elaborate oratory *contemptible.* |

Then, *patriotism* is eloquent | then *self-devotion* is eloquent. |

The clear *conception* | *out-running* the deduction of logic | the high *purpose* | the firm *resolve* | the dauntless *spirit* | speaking on the *tongue* | beaming from the *eye* | informing *every* feature | and urging the whole man *onward* | *right* onward to his object | *this* is eloquence | or *rather* | it is something *greater* | and *higher* than all eloquence | it is *action* | *noble* | *sublime* | *God-like action.* |

7.—O sacred *forms* | how *fair* | how *proud* you look! |
How *high* you lift your heads into the air! |
How *huge* you are | how *mighty* | and how *free!* |

8. *Not* as the *flying* come, |
In *silence* | and in *fear* |
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their *hymns-of-lofty-cheer,* |
The ocean *eagle* soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam; |
And the rocking pines of the forest *roared* |
This was their welcome home. |

Ay! Call it *holy* ground,
The spot where first they trod |
They have left *unstained* what there they found |
Freedom-to-worship-God. |

9. Still | as my *horizon* grew |
Larger grew my *riches* too; |
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a *complex-Chinese-toy*, |
Fashioned for a *barefoot-boy* |

10. *Come* | read to me some *poem* |
Some *simple* | *heart-felt* lay |
That shall *soothe* this restless longing |
And *banish* the thoughts of day. |

11. Heaven is *not* reached at a *single* bound |
But we *build* the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies |
And we mount to its summit *round-by-round.* |
Only in *dreams* is a ladder thrown
From the lowly earth to the sapphire walls; |
But the dream *departs*, | the vision *falls*; |
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of *stone.* |

12. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of *ocean* bear; |
Full many a flower is born to blush *unseen*, |
And *waste* its fragrance | on the *desert* air. |
The burst of *heraldry*, | the pomp of *power*, |
And all that *beauty*, | all that *wealth* ere gave, |
Await *alike* the inevitable hour, |
The path of glory leads but to the *grave.* |

13. I shall enter upon *no-encomium* upon Massachusetts | she *needs* none. | *There* she is. | *Behold* her, | and judge for *yourselves.* | There is her *history*, | the world

knows it by *heart.* | The *past* | at *least* | is secure. There is *Boston,* | and *Concord,* | and *Lexington,* | and *Bunker Hill;* | and there they will remain *forever.* | The *bones-of-her-sons,* | fallen in the great *struggle-for-independence* | now lie mingled with the soil of *every State,* | from *New-England-to-Georgia,* | and there they will lie *forever.* |

OBSERVATIONS.

The central idea may be expressed by a PHRASE, a CLAUSE or even a SENTENCE. In this case the several words express but what *one* word might express.

Note the following examples:

1. *Week in week out from morn till night* you can hear his bellows roar.

All the words in italics mean but *continually.*

2. *Day unto day* uttereth speech, and *night unto night* showeth knowledge.

In a phrase of negation, the negative word is generally emphatic and joined to the *thought word,* as in the phrases, "I know *not where,*" "Heaven is *not* reached at a *single* bound," "I am *not* come to bring *peace* into the world," "I shall enter upon *no encomium* upon Massachusetts."

Not a *drum* was heard, *not* a funeral *note*
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a *soldier* discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

You will perceive where a phrase has the emphasis —where the meaning is expanded, as it were—all the words and syllables of that phrase are closely joined

in speaking. For instance, this sentence: We rise by *the things that are under our feet.* Here the meaning is, "We rise by *steps.*" One word has all the meaning of the phrase "by the things that are under our feet." In some examples, the emphatic phrase is written as one word, the different words being joined by hyphens. You will observe that in each of these phrases there is still *one* syllable—usually the last—that has the strong accent.

In a sentence composed of a number of phrases, the phrases generally form a series and the accent grows stronger as the phrases become more important. Thus each sentence will have *one* phrase of prime importance and the others will be subordinate. This will be evident by observing the voice in rendering any one of the examples given.

14. False wizard, *avaunt,* | I have *marshalled* my clan, |
Their swords are a *thousand* | their hearts are all *one* |
They are *true* | to the last of their *blood*-and-their-*breath* |
And, like *reapers* | *descend* to their harvest of death; |
Then *welcome* be Cumberland's steed to the shock |
Let him *dash* his proud foam | like a *wave-on-the rock.* |

15. I was at *work* | that *morning* | some one came *riding* | like *mad* |
Over the *bridge* | and up the *road* | farmer *Rouff's* little lad |
Bareback he rode | he had *no-hat,* | He hardly *stopped* to say; |
"*Morgan's* men are coming, frau; | he's galloping up *this-way!* |

I'm sent to warn the *neighbors*, | he isn't a *mile* behind! |
He sweeps up all the *horses* | every horse that he can *find.* |
Morgan, | Morgan the *raider*, | and Morgan's terrible *men*, |
With *bowie-knives* | and *pistols* are galloping up the glen." |

16. I don't care *what* you say, | I *saw* him | and I think *I* ought to know. | You may talk *all-day* | and *all-night*, too | but I'll have my *own* opinion. |

17. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounced* it to you | *trippingly* on the tongue | but if you *mouth* it | as *many* of our players do | I had as lief the *town-crier* spoke my lines. | Nor do not *saw-the-air* too much | with your *hand* | *thus:* | but use all *gently* | for in the very *torrent*, | *tempest* | and as I may say, *whirlwind* of your passion | you must acquire and beget a *temperance* | that may give it *smoothness.* | Oh! it offends me to the *soul* | to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow *tear-a-passion-to-tatters* | to very *rags* | to split the ears of the *groundlings;* | who, for the *most* part | are capable of *nothing*, | but inexplicable *dumb-show* | and *noise.* | I would have such a fellow *whipped* | for o'erdoing *Termagant*; | it out-herods *Herod.* Pray *you*, | *avoid* it. |

Be not too *tame*, | *neither*, | but let your own *discretion* be your tutor; | suit the action to the *word*, | the word to the *action;* | with this *special* observance | *that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature* | for anything so *overdone* | is far from the *purpose* of playing | whose *end*, | both at the *first* | and *now*, | *was* | and

is, | to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to *nature;* | to show virture her own *feature;* | scorn her own *image;* and the very age and body of the time, his *form and pressure.* | Now, | this *overdone* | or *come tardy off*, | though it make the unskillful *laugh* | cannot but make the judicious *grieve;* | the censure of which *one* | must, in *your* allowance | o'erweigh a *whole theater* of others.

Oh! there *be* players, | that I have *seen* play, | and heard others *praise*, | and that *highly*, | not to speak it *profanely*, | that neither having the *accent* of Christians, | not the gait of *Christian* | *pagan*, or *man*, | have so *strutted* | and *bellowed* | that I have thought some of nature's *journeymen* had made men | and *not* made them *well*, | they imitated humanity so *abominably*. |

Four children | were seated round a wood fire | in an old fashioned country house. | The red embers blazed up merrily | and showed four flushed little faces | four tangled heads of hair | eight bright merry eyes | and | I regret exceedingly to say | eight very dirty little hands | belonging respectively | to Bess, | Bob, | Archie | and Tom.

The hand of the king | that the scepter hath borne; |
The brow of the priest | that the mitre hath worn; |
The eye of the sage | and the heart of the brave, |
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave. |

So the multitide goes, | like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed; |
So the multitude comes, | even those we behold, |
To repeat every tale that has often been told. |

For we are the same that our fathers have been; |
We see the same sights our fathers have seen; |

We drink the same stream, | and view the same sun, |
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking | our fathers would think; |
From the death we are shrinking | our fathers would shrink, |
To the life we are clinging | they also would cling; |
But it speeds from us all | like a bird on the wing. |

I stood on the bridge | at midnight, |
As the clocks were striking the hour; |
And the moon rose o'er the city, |
Behind the dark church-tower; |

And, | like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers, |
A flood of thoughts came o'er me, |
That filled my eyes with tears |
How often, oh! how often,
In the *days that had gone by*,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky! |
How often, oh! how often,
I had wished that that ebbing tide
Would bear *me* away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide! |

Emphatic Sentence.

A phrase or sentence, like a word, may be of special importance and demand an emphasis above that given to contingent phrases or sentences.

Thus, a *text*, a *proposition*, a statement of *preamble* or *subject* of discussion—all these demand more em-

phasis. Also a *quotation* is emphatic when used to *corroborate* or with *approval.* Such a sentence should receive, in addition to the emphatic accents, *more time* of utterance, and usually *fuller tone.* The words are connected more closely, and all elements given with more prominence.

Try the following sentences:

There was silence and I heard a voice,
Shall mortal man be more just than God?

2. This is the truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows
Is remembering happier things.

3. *There is a tide in the affairs of men,*
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

4. His text, a few short words of might,
"*The Lord of hosts shall arm the right.*"

5. We hold these truths to be self-evident: *That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.*

To Determine Emphasis.

The Emphasis must go with the idea. That word is important which suggests the speaker's mental conception, and *only* that word receives the *Accent,*—the *sign* of the *idea.*

What words are these?

1. The *subject of discourse*, if it has not already be spoken or suggested. And, on a larger scale, the opening of a speech, sermon, lecture, or selection, will have more emphatic words than an after part. But the emphasis, though more frequent, is seldom as strong as at the middle or close of the speech. This will be evident, as at the opening of the discourse, I must give my auditors all the ideas of *location, place, manner, people, objects of interest*, etc., but when these are known, many ideas have been suggested that I may afterwards pass by.

2. *When my subject is known, the predicate will receive the emphasis.* As each sentence has at least *one idea*, if this be not in the subject, it will surely be found with the predicate.

3. *Explanations are usually emphatic.* As a rule, that which we speak regarding subjects, is more emphatic than the subject itself. Thus, I say, "There is a *man* on the street." "That man is *President of the United States*." Here the interest is not that there is a man, but that he is President. So if subjects are known and predicates, then *adjectives, adjective phrases appositional* words or phrases, *adverbs and adverbial phrases*—these take the emphasis.

4. In general, the *new thing*, the *necessary* word has the emphasis. This is the word that *completes the meaning* for your auditors, that *satisfies* their ever recurring *questions—What is it? Who? How? Where? When? Why?*

Thus I say, "I came to the city." The meaning is complete at "*city*," and, of course, it has the emphasis. But if the "city" is in the minds of the auditors; if some one else has come to the city, then "*I*" may

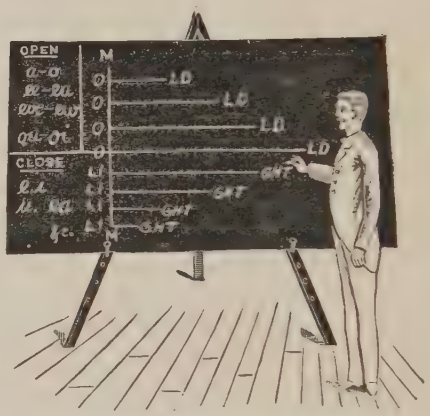
have this emphasis. Or, if some one has come part of the way, then "*to*" has the emphasis. It is the yet *untold* thing that has the right of emphasis. In this sentence: "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of *ocean* bear." Here, there is no complete meaning for the listener until your voice utters *ocean.* Then the question is answered, the riddle plain, the auditor says, "I understand."

5. *All peculiar facts, incidents and circumstances* are *emphatic.* The same as in a *case at law.* There the *deed* itself; the *time,* the *day, hour, minute,* the *place, surroundings;* the *manner, means* and *motive,* the *names of all people concerned,*—all these are emphatic. Thus, there was a man by name *Smith,*—he came to the *City,*—he went to *Fifth Avenue,*—to house No. *Ninety-three,*—he became *angry,*—he *killed* a man,—he was *arrested,*—brought to *trial,*—found *guilty,* and *executed.*

Thus we have a *line* of thought studded with *incidents,* and these one by one are emphatic. Thus a speaker proceeds, Accent after Accent, noting ideas in their order, so translating his thought to his auditors.

Open and Close Vowel Sounds.

Let Us Experiment.



Stand at the blackboard and place the hand and chalk at *o* of the line *m m*. Pronounce this sentence: *He is an* OLD *man*, emphasis on *old*. When your voice begins the sound of *o* allow the hand to start to the right at a moderate rate and continue just as long as you sound the *o*. Try several times, making the word more emphatic each time, and you will perceive the line will be longer as the emphasis increases.

In like manner try this sentence: *Arm*, arm for *Rome*, emphasis on *arm* and *Rome*. Also, BACK! *Are ye not* ASHAMED, as marked and you will perceive that these emphatic vowels grow longer as they are made more emphatic. Try each one with the board and chalk.

Now place the chalk at *li* and take the sentence: *We had a delightful time*, emphasis on *delightful*. Use chalk as before and you will observe: 1. *The vowel cannot be easily prolonged.* 2. *As emphasis increases the time and sound are shorter.*

Use also the following:

1. They *listen* and are *attentive.*
2. He has the *fever.*
3. It is *offended.*

You will observe that these emphatic syllables shorten with increasing emphasis, while those of the former exercise lengthen.

The first are *Open Sounds;* the second, *Close Sounds.*

OPEN SOUNDS ARE:—*All sounds of a, all sounds of o; u long, and sometimes u short; all diphthongs and double vowels* except ea in words like *dead,* etc.; E is prolonged in words like *here, merely,* etc.

CLOSE SOUNDS ARE:—*Sounds of i; sounds of e; usually u short.*

Remember, all open sounds should be prolonged for emphasis; all close sounds made short.

This is a most important distinction. The vowel sounds of our language have been handed down to us from other languages. This division of sounds was a prominent feature of the Greek orthoepy. The open sounds are so termed, because in forming them the throat opens well and the sound has the full quality of an *organ* tone; the close sounds are best formed with the teeth more nearly closed and have the quick stroke of a piano note. Thus both these instruments are but attempted imitations of the grander mechanism—the human voice.

By proper attention to this distinction of sounds, the voice will gain much power of sweetness, music and variety of expression. To make all Open sounds Close, gives a roughness to the speaker's style; to make Close Sounds Open, gives the drawl that is so painfully noticeable with many speakers.

This principle applies mainly to the emphatic syllables. Therefore practice the following, prolonging open vowels for emphasis, and giving close sounds a quicker utterance. The manner of prolonging sounds we will discuss in next chapter.

Take the wings of the *morning*, | and the Barcan *desert* pierce, | or lose thyself in the continuous *woods*, | where rolls the *Oregon* | and hears *no sound*, save his own *dashing;* yet the *dead* are there! | And *millions* in those solitudes since first the flight of years began have laid them down to their last sleep. | The dead reign there *alone.*

Brutus. Romans, | countrymen, | and lovers!—hear me | for my cause; and be silent, | that you may hear; | believe me | for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor | that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom; | and awake your senses | that you may the better judge. | If there be any in this assembly | any dear friend of Cæsar's, | to him I say, | that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. | If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, | this is my answer: | Not | that I loved Cæsar less, | but that I loved Rome | more. | Had you rather Cæsar were living, | and die all slaves | than that Cæsar were dead, | to live all freemen? | As Cæsar loved me, | I weep for him; | as he was fortunate, | I rejoice at it; | as he was valiant, | I honor him;—but as he was ambitious, | I slew him. | There is tears for his love; | joy for his future; | honor for his valor; | and death for his ambition. | Who is here so base, | that would be a bondman? | If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? | If any, speak, | for him have I offend-

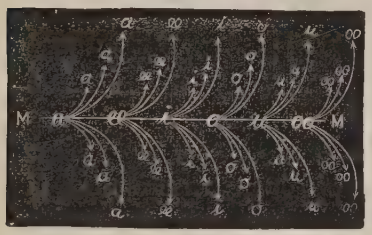
ed. | Who is here so vile | that will not love his country? | If any, | speak; | for him have I offended. | I pause for a reply.

Practice also with this principle in view former examples and exercises on emphasis.

VOICE MOVEMENT.

RISING TONES.—FALLING TONES.

Our former experiments were with horizontal lines. Now, let us look further.

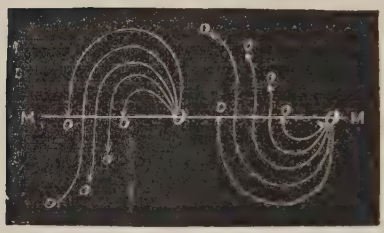


Place the chalk at *A* of the line *M M*. Now, as I told you to repeat *A* and you asked me in surprise if I meant *A*, as *A? A? A?* thus give the sound several times, and as you do so, allow the chalk to move and it will ascend as the voice rises, rather than keep the horizontal line. Thus you will form a series of upward lines as in Cut. Now, if in answer to your *A?* I should repeat *A* with strong affirmation, the voice will descend and the stroke of the chalk will be downward. Thus by repeating the question and giving the affirmation strongly, you will observe two distinct movements of the voice—ascending and descending. Practice this with different vowels, *E, I, O, U;* also with words, as *All, You.*

Observe as the sounds ascend they change somewhat, O and U to *OO*, *I* and *E* to *EE* obscure, as

these latter sounds are more easily produced on a high pitch. In descending, all the sounds become more open. Also, you will perceive the upward movement in the *close* vowels to be much quicker than that of *open* sounds.

CIRCUMFLEX TONES.



When you are surprised your tone rises in pitch; if you are not long in doubt when surprised, the tone descends. Thus if I tell you something, you are surprised, you say, "Oh!" as if to express,—"I see, I understand,"—and as you prolong the sound the tone rises and descends. This is the *rising circumflex*. Test it as in Cut. The tone may descend in pitch much below the starting point. Try in like manner all the following, using the diagram as in Cut:

Oho! Aha! Ah! You! All!

Repeat "*No*" slowly, as if in surprise, beginning on a high pitch and holding the tone for some time. The tone will descend and then rise again. The meaning will be, "*No*," I did not say *that*, you are partly mistaken." Or, again, repeat "Aha!" as if you made a discovery; some one is at mischief and you repeat this word as if you said by it:—"Aha! I have found you out!" Then repeat "Oho!" as if the person retorted it, and made it mean, "Oho! much I care!" and these will be examples of rising and falling circumflexes.

A *circumflex* is but the continuation of a rising or falling tone. The voice will ascend to some limit then the tone will not be prolonged on the high pitch—which would give it the sound of singing—but will begin to descend. Likewise, when the tone begins to descend, it will go to a low note of the voice and then return on an upward movement. So, if you master upward and downward inflection, or tone movement, circumflex will be easy, as it is always used where there is a prolongation of a syllable. These exercises are to render the voice capable of the smooth rising and falling movement.

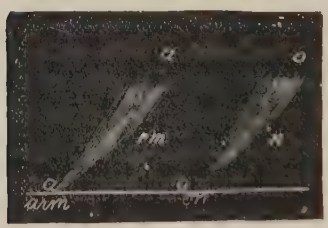
PITCH OF CONSONANTS.

A *whisper* or purely *aspirate* sound can not be formed on many degrees of pitch. A *sub-vocal* sound is capable of wider range, but even this cannot be carried to a high note. Thus in giving a syllable an upward movement, it looses, 1st, the aspirate sound; 2d, the sub-vocal sounds; and the voice ascends upon vocality alone. When the voice begins to descend, the final sub-vocals are first joined, then the aspirates. Thus pronounce "*slaves*" with the emphatic upward movement and you will perceive the consonants will be disposed as in the diagram. The *S* will be first dropped as you ascend in pitch, then the *L* and your voice will ascend upon the vocal alone and to complete the word the voice will give *V* on pitch nearly the same as *L* or lower and the final *S* will be lower still.

In an emphatic syllable or word it is necessary to blend the *vocality*, *sub-vocality* and *aspiration* with utmost nicety, and to do this, each element must be full-formed and complete. Should not this be done, the emphasis will frequently render the words indistinct by making the vocal element much too prominent for the consonants.

EMPHATIC UPWARD MOVEMENT.

Repeat with strong emphasis this phrase: "**Arm! Arm!** *It is, it is the* **Cannon's** *opening roar!*" Give "*arm*" and "*cannon's*" with great force and you will observe: *1. The sound opens abruptly. 2. It is prolonged. 3. It ascends in pitch.* Try the test of the line with the chalk and you will perceive the best representation of this sound will be as in Cut.



This produces a strong, crashing sound when extreme—an outburst of volume that is terrific.

Practice these words in like manner.

Howl! Revenge! Massacre! All! World! Havoc! Murder! Treason!

Also, the following sentences, applying this to the emphatic syllable.

1. Then *burst* his mighty heart.
2. We will be *revenged! Revenge; About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!* Let not a traitor live.
3. *You* are not my daughter. *My* daughter would

never dress in satin while her mother starves at home. 'Tis a *lie! Away! You* are not my daughter! *Away!*

4. But he shall pay thee *back*, until the yellow Tiber is *red* as frothing *wine* and in its deepest ooze thy *life-blood* lies curdled.

Inflection of Phrases.

POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE.

We have observed that language divides itself into Phrases, each phrase having an accent, which renders the meaning apparent. Now Inflexion portrays the relation of your mind to each phrase—whether you *like* or *dislike* the idea. If your mind approves, accepts, the Falling Inflexion prevails. If your mind disapproves, rejects, the Rising Inflexion has place. The ideas you approve are Positive; those your mind disapproves, Negative. *Positive Ideas give Mental Satisfaction; Negative Ideas, Mental Unsatisfaction. Ideas* of *Mental Satisfaction* are those of *Affirmation, Approval, Certainty, Completeness, Command*, and all these receive *Falling Inflexion.*

Ideas of *Mental Unsatisfaction* are those of *Doubt, Disapproval, Suspense, Incompleteness*, and all of these have the *Rising Inflexion.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you say humility? I said humility.

A question denotes *doubt;* it has the rising inflexion. The answer denotes *certainty;* it has the *falling inflexion.*

2. If you can do *only* this, I am done.

The first part is condition, rising inflexion; the second, assertion, falling inflexion.

3. Think not I am come to bring peace into the world; I am not come to bring peace, but the sword.

The first part is negative; the second part, positive.

4. You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Knew ye not Pompey?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Here we have *rising* tones which show the displeasure of the speaker. The *circumflex* prevails. So when people disagree and have an altercation, the rising tones of their voices show more plainly than their words their mental conditions.

2. Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem!

All phrases here are *negative*, because we do *not believe* them. Therefore, we have rising inflexions throughout this stanza.

6. Life is real, life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

The first line is *positive*, the others *negative*. The second line, however, may have downward inflexion. It may be given as a positive statement.

7. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But, to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

The first two lines are *negative;* the last two *positive.*

8. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

All *positive*, except the third line, which is strongly *negative* and requires upward tones in "*dumb, driven cattle.*"

9. I might, like you, have been a brawler and a reveler; not like you, a trickster and a thief!

The first part is *positive*, the second part, *negative.*

10. Not as the conquerer comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame.

All *negative*, except the second line, which is strongly *positive.*

11. O, yes; you please me! Please me mightily. You are most cunning workmen, too; you put your work together so well you never get it apart again!

Here you have rising tones throughout.

12. Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple, heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless longing,
And banish the thoughts of day.

This example is positive throughout.

13. Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

Negative throughout.

14. For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And, to-night, I long for rest.

Negative, except last line.

15. Why, herein is a wondrous thing, that ye know not whence he is and yet he has opened my eyes. Since the world began it has not been that any man has opened the eyes of one born blind.

Negative.

16. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the fragments of a once glorious Union, on States dissevered, dismembered, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be with fraternal blood. Let their last feeble, lingering glance rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, still full high advanced, not a star erased, not a stripe obscured; bearing no such miserable interrogatory as: "*What is all this worth?*" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "*Liberty first and Union afterward;*" but everywhere, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart:—"*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

All he *wishes to see* has *falling* tones; all he wishes *not* to see, the *rising*.

OBSERVATIONS.

Thus you will perceive that all ideas you *dislike*, *disapprove*, have as their sign of your mental disapproval the *rising* tone. In reading or speaking, where the mind is in *doubt*, as in *surprise*, or *questions*, or where the *sense* is incomplete, we have *rising tones*. Of course, there are *degrees* of rising and falling tones. Thus, the close of a sentence may have a stronger inflexion than preceding phrases. But, keep in mind, that the strongest inflexion is upon the *thought word*. It must come from your *mind* and as the *thought word* is prominent in your mind, and inflexion indicates your like or dislike of the idea, the *strongest* inflexion will be with the *thought word*, though all words of a phrase have minor rising or falling inflexions.

VALUE OF POSITIVE TONES.

Positive tones, firm downward inflexions, give power, force, energy and certainty to a speaker's style. A rising tone may easily become habitual and where it is so, the weightiest truths of the speaker will have but little effect. This is a common fault. It makes the style trivial and common-place. The speaker does not appear to be in earnest and his auditors have but little regard for him. If you would *move* or *convince* your auditors, *acquire a positive style of speech. All things you believe, all things you know are true, all things your mind approves, give them with positive inflexion. Use rising tones only for the things you disaprove.*

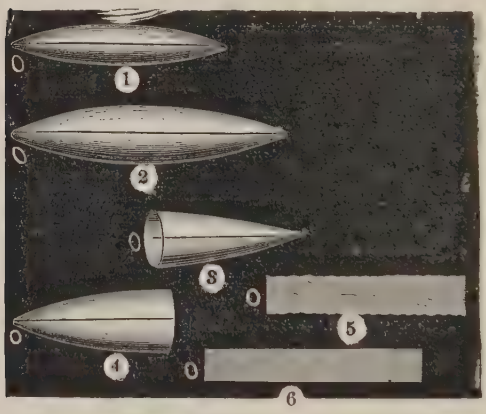
One of the best examples of a falling tone, is the

pronouncing of words as if for spelling. A practice of the words given under head of Articulation will be found most beneficial.

VOICE MOVEMENT.

SWELL AND STRESS.

Our former experiment was as to the length or duration of sound. Produce, as before, the word *old* and you will perceive the sound to widen at the middle with a moderate swell and then decrease.



You will observe also that you press harder with the chalk at the middle of the line. Place the hand at the throat as you speak *old* and you will observe the throat opens after the sound begins and swells to a fulness as the sound increases and then decreases as the sound diminishes.

In the Cut, 1 and 2 show the *Middle Swell* of voice; 3, the *abrupt open;* 4, *abrupt close;* 5, the *prolonged tremor;* 6, an *even prolongation.*

Cut 9.

Now 2 of the cut will represent this swell of sound, which is a gradual increase and gradual diminish of tone. You must learn to make the swell gradual, full and clear, as it is the basis of all finest speech. It gives beauty, grandeur and completeness to vocal expression.

Give this swell to all accented vowels of the following:

1. Now, o'er the one-half world.

2. And lo, from the assembled crowd, arose a shout, prolonged and loud.

3. So all day long the noise of battle rolled among the mountains by the wintry sea.

4. In all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible,
Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

5. I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

6. Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

Practice, also, examples for Emphasis, and swell each emphatic syllable where the vowel is *open*. Close vowel sounds never have this swell—it belongs to the organ tone.

OROTUND TONE.

The fully developed voice is the *Orotund*. It is produced by the firmness of the diaphragm, the openness of the throat and the vigorous action of *all* the organs of speech. This is the perfect voice—the only voice fit for the orator. But by Orotund, I do not mean that stiff, lugubrious mode of speech usually designated by this term, but a full, clear, vibrating, musical, naturally developed voice. It is *the* voice; all other "qualities" or uses of voice are but *parts*, *deformities* or *abuses* of this one natural voice—the Orotund.

I do not believe in "orator puffs" who have so many different voices, that they never have one good one. Better learn to use *one well.* Imitation of voice, sound, &c., is all well enough for character sketch and certain lines of humor, but an orator needs a voice. Whoever heard a fine orator, as Beecher, Simpson, Ingersol, Philips, Tilton—or an actor as Booth, McCullough, Sullivan, Forest, Barrett, use such qualities of tone as are frequently given as examples of "pure tone," &c.?

Develop your voice—that is your Orotund. From that, you can make all else.

The proper sensation when making the best tones for speaking, is that of *drawing the sound into the throat* —not of forcing out as is the prevailing theory. The proper sensation is as swallowing. Do not try to throw the voice to a certain point or person; rather try to draw it from that point to you. If this seems unreasonable, try it. You will soon be convinced. Neither should the voice be loud in order that it may carry. It must be: 1. Produced by the action of the diaphragm. 2. The throat well open. 3. The sound well directed to the front of the mouth, or the teeth and lips.

The best voice for a speaker is one that seems low to persons near him, and loud to persons at a distance. This is the true tone for the speaker. It can be acquired by the use of the above exercise. The words must fall evenly from the teeth, or the consonants will be indistinct. A talking tone is loud enough. A speaker should be able to talk to 5,000 people.

FINAL SWELL.

The swell or fulness of sound is not always at the middle of the element. Try the following. With much firmness and determination repeat this sentence: *You shall do this*, strong emphasis on *shall*. Also, *Mother, you* have my father much offended.

Observe: 1. The vowel is prolonged.

2. The swell or fulness is most noticeable at the close of the sound.

Try the same with chalk and you will find the pressure the greatest near the close of the sound.

Likewise, try these:

1. *You* must go.

2. He is an *old* man.

Give this last as if trying to impress the fact, or as an explanation. This is when we notice this form of vocal element, the terminal stress, when trying to impress something strongly upon the mind of the listener. It is used in anger frequently, as in the following:

1. Must I *budge?* Must I stand and *crouch* under your testy *humor?* By the gods you shall *digest* the venom of your spleen, for from this time forth I'll use you for my *mirth*, yea for my *laughter* when you are *waspish.*

2. You *blocks*, you *stones*, you *worse* than senseless things.

3. I *loathe* ye in my bosom,
I *scorn* ye with mine eye,
And I'll *taunt* ye with my *latest* breath,
And *fight* ye till I *die.*

4. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed *fat* the ancient grudge I bear him. He *hates* our sacred nation; and he *rails* on me, my *bargains* and my well won thrift, which he calls interest; *cursed* be my tribe, if I forgive him.

5. Ay, cluster there; cling to your *master, judges, Romans, slaves.* His charge is *false!* I *dare* him to his proofs.

6. O, I'll be patient! My daughter dragged through the streets of Rome! O, I'll be patient! The essence of my best blood condemned as vile! Come! I'll be patient! O, they shall wonder, I'll be so patient!

In close vowel sounds, there is a longer hold on the initial consonants and then a sudden stroke of the vowel element, as on some of the words above. The "Quarrel Scene" of "Julius Cæsar" affords many fine examples for this; also the "Closet Scene" from "Hamlet," and Shylock's part in "Merchant of Venice."

ABRUPTNESS OF SPEECH.

I have said that the Orotund voice is the perfect voice; that the middle swell of the vocal element is the eature of finest utterance. But when the mind is disturbed, or the soul roused with anger, then we perceive some changes of voice as well. Anger has abruptness of speech as its most certain sign. The quick, gruff, sharp tones leave us in no doubt as to the feeling of the speaker. Some one may say, "I know a person whose speech is always abrupt and yet he is always kind." May be so. Just as you might know a man who had a deformed hand, a

crooked eye, a hair lip, and yet he might be a good sort of fellow, even with this defect. But the normal sign of anger as shown by the voice is *abruptness.* The soft, smooth tones of love or admiration are in striking contrast.

ABRUPT OPEN.

Pronounce abruptly *all* in the phrase, ***All shall go!*** Strong emphasis on all. Give the sentence as if angry. You will perceive the sound will open suddenly. Also try the word *No*, as if giving a sharp, indignant answer to some request. The sound will open like 3 of Cut. Place the hand at the throat and you will perceive this quick opening and gradual close of sound. This is noticed in a sudden call or alarm as—***Up! Up!*** and see the great ***doom's*** image!

EXAMPLES.

1. **Awake, awake!**
Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

2. Do you know me?
Back, on your lives! treacherous cowards!
Do you know me? look on me; do you know
This honest sword I brandish? Back! back! I say.

ABRUPT OPEN AND CLOSE

If you speak angryly and *determinedly*, you will perceive, 1st, An abrupt opening of sound. 2d, A slight hold after the opening. 3d An abrupt close of the sound

This is to be seen, where the *mind* is working slowly or held in check, as in consternation and anger, usually where several emotions are used, anger or rage being one.

Use the following as if surprised and angry.

1. *Sick?* Sick *now!*

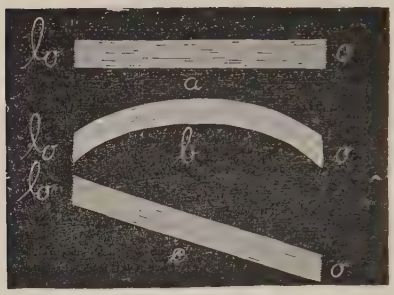
2. Hence! Home! You idle creatures, get you home!

3. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. Oh, you flatterers!

4. Silence! boostreperous traitors!
Your throats offend the quiet of the city;
And thou who standest foremost of these knaves,
Stand back, and answer me, a senator;—
What have you done?

CALLING, SHOUTING.

Shout "*Holloa?*" on a high key and prolong *O*. Make the tone full, clear and steady. So, try "*Ahoy!*"



"*Boat, ahoy!*" also "*Over!*", "*Over I say!*" This may be prolonged on one pitch as in *a*, or it may rise as in *b*. It may also be given with slightly descending pitch.

Practice with Energy of Body.

Stand in strong position,—the feet apart, the lower limbs firm, the diaphragm firm, the chest thrown well forward and held firmly outward as if to receive a blow, the arms firm and hands clenched, the muscles of the neck held firmly in position. Then practice any or all of the above exercises, with this firmness of body, and you will perceive a fulness, clearness, and energy of tone far surpassing that of your former efforts. Increase this bodily energy to your utmost limit. Stand as if supporting a heavy weight. Energy of Body produces energy of Voice. Thus the energy of a gesture may double the vocal power of a word.

THE GUTTERAL RATTLE.

This use of the voice is the sharp, angry *growl* or "rattle," denoting *determined rage* or *frenzy*. To

produce it, all the muscles of the body are held firm, and those of the throat, pharynx and especially at the base of the tongue, are held rigidly contracted. When these muscles are held thus hard and firm they give to the vocal tone a harsh, rasping rattling, growling quality which joined with the upward tones of emphasis produce a most startling effect. It requires great practice and must never be given with the muscles relaxed. It is the tone of the *will* when impelled by the ***wildest passions, anger*** and ***rage.***

Try the following:

Wretch! you could enjoy yourself like a butcher's dog in the shambles, while the slaughter of the brave is all around you, but you shall die, base dog.

Blood! blood! Iago, Blood!
I'll tear her all to pieces.

I tell thee I *hate* the Moor.
Blaze with your serried columns.
But here I stand and *scoff* you. Here I fling ***hatred*** and full ***defiance*** in your teeth.

I want you to understand, if I am a gipsy, I am not a dog. You have come here and insulted me; have called me a thief, a cur, a felon, and now leave me or by all that's holy, I'll kill you,—that's what I'll do!

Hear me, heaven! The orphan whose sole heritage has been disgrace and shame, here swears to be avenged! To follow him as shades pursue the night, as swift as eagles, and as sure as death. The mountain shall not hide, the darkness shall not cover, the distance shall not conceal, the grave itself shall

not protect him from my hate; for from his shroud I'll drag him reeking forth, tear out his heart, his false and traitor heart, and trample, trample, trample it to dust

MELODY.

You will observe that the *Pitch* varies with the phrases. *No two consecutive phrases should have the same Pitch of Voice.* Thus we have the *fundamental principle of modulation.*

If a sentence has three, four or six phrases, then the pitch will be changed three, four or six times, according to the number of ideas. If the phrases form a series, the pitch will be higher for each successive phrase. In general, the voice ascends until the *prime phrase* is reached, after which it descends. In this sentence, "Heaven is not reached at a *single* bound," the voice will ascend in pitch until the word *single* is reached, when it will descend, thus giving the *Cadence* of voice.

In the word *indis-pen-sable* there are three parts: 1st, A *rise* of the voice as it approaches the accented syllable. 2d, A *climax* at the accent. 3d, A cadence of the voice as it proceeds to the end of the word. The same thing is true of any phrase of speech except where the *first* or *last* syllable has the accent. Where the first syllable has the accent, there will be no *rise* of the voice; where the last syllable has the accent, there can be no such cadence. This is not so much a matter of Pitch as of Power of Voice. The voice grows in fullness and tensity until it reaches the Accent, when the power and intensity decrease for the

ending. The entire phrase may have an upward or downward movement of pitch even when the Accent is on the last syllable. But the tendency is to the highest pitch, as well as the fullest power and intensity at the Accent.

Thus a sentence of several phrases may rise, step by step, upon succeeding phrases until the principal center of thought is reached, and then gradually descend to the close.

PRACTICAL EXAMPLES.

I hold this thing to be *grandly* true:
That a *noble deed is a step toward God,*
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a *purer* air and a *broader* view.

A.

Read 1st line ordinary pitch; 2d, lower; 3d, slightly above ordinary; 4th, ordinary or lower.

B.

Read 1st line low; 2d, high; 3d, ordinary; 4th, below ordinary.

These phrases could be arranged in numberless ways.

Take another example:

Those *evening bells!* those *evening bells!*
How *many* a tale their music tells,
Of *youth*, and *home*, and that sweet time
When *last* I heard their pleasing chime.

Here we have at least six phrases. Try this melody. The numbers apply to the phrases. Read 1st, low; 2d, higher; 3d, low; 4th, high; 5th, higher; 6th, low.

Try this sentence as follows, reading first with gradual ascent to the close; then with gradual descent. The lines will suggest the pitch:

1. *world.*

the one-half

o'er

Now

2. *Now*

o'er

the one-half

world.

o'er

3. *Now* *the one-half*

world.

4. *Now*

o'er

world.

the one-half

Thus in any phrase, the words fall in melody and are capable of many arrangements. The above phrase may be rendered in many different ways from those marked.

Intoning Sentences.

In the following sentences make each word full, clear, strong, open and vibratory, and deliver each phrase with an evenly rising or falling melodic modulation. This steadiness of utterance as it approaches the *monotone* gives grandeur and dignity to the voice.

1. And they shall know that I am the Lord.

2. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty.

3. Earth to earth; ashes to ashes, and dust to dust! Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. He fleeeth like a shadow and no man pursueth.

4. Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away.

5. "In silence and at night the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Ye safe and formal men,
Who write our deeds and with unfeverished hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot tell what ye have never tried.

6. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded
Leave not a rack behind.

7. Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world,
Silence how dread! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds.
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

PAUSES.

The *meaning* determines the *Pauses. First.* The pauses are for the purpose of making the ideas distinct. If I have a sentence with *four* ideas, making four thought-phrases, I have four pauses. Try this sentence: The *good*, the *great*, the *noble* and the *brave*, *all* slumber here.

Here we have *five ideas*, and *five* words *emphatic*, *five* strong *inflections* and *five Pauses.* These *Pauses* give the auditors *time* to associate new ideas with the preceding ones. Then, the ***more similar the ideas, the shorter the pauses.***

Again ***the more important the meaning, the longer the pauses.***

There is always a pause between ideas.

Second. Any change of words from their natural order, demands a pause. This gives the auditors time to arrange the words in proper order. Try this sentence:

Ay, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod.

Here we have a pause after "*ground*," but if the sentence were read: Ay, call the spot where first they trod holy ground,—then this pause is not needed. A number of like examples may be found in sentences under *Emphasis.*

Third. Pauses are needed for any omissions of words or ideas. This gives the auditors time to supply such words or ideas. In this sentence:

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan.

If you omit the conjunctions of the first line, you must give still longer pauses than are required as the line is written. In the second line, there is a pause after "*face*," a word is omitted. The full sentence is: His face is *brown*, like the tan.

Fourth. There are pauses for emotion. These know no rule, no limit. Impulse and emotion do not stop for reason. In quick, sudden anger, the ideas may be fairly heaped one upon the other, phrase following phrase without pause or break. While in sorrow, grief, surprise, wonder, &c. there may be a *pause after each word.* But as a principle, it will be observed, the greater the emotion the more frequent and longer the pauses. Try this sentence: "The miserable highland drover—bankrupt, barefoot, stripped of all, hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than his poor all could pay,—shall burst upon them with an awful change." Here the pauses are quick, sharp, frequent. Try this, also: "It may not be much to you, my friend, it may not be much to you, but all the joy of my life lies here in this rough pine box. I loved her, and she was the only one on earth who loved me."

Here the pauses are frequent and long. A pause may be after almost every word.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

A *simile* or *metaphor* is a picture and when we introduce it into a sentence it demands a pause both before and after its utterance. One word is the *basis* of the picture and that word is *always* emphatic. This word is sometimes omitted and then a pause denotes both the omission and the emphasis. As in the following:

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come, like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Here after "*come*" a word is omitted; the word is an adverb, such as "softly" or "soothingly." There should be long pause after "come." So in the following:

1. Read from some humble poet
Whose songs gushed from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

2. And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, *like the Arabs,*
And as silently steal away.

3. The Assyrian came down *like a wolf on the fold,*
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of his spears was *like stars on the sea*
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

The simile must be read as *one idea.* In the last, for instance, there must be no pause after "*sea.*" Join the words of the simile *closely*, making a pause before and after it, but none in the middle of the simile.

4. *Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,*
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

MOVEMENT.

GESTURE-GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

Movement is not Gesture, but Gesture includes Movement. The object of these exercises is not so much the acquisition of muscular power, as to gain freedom and elasticity of action. They rid the pupil of the restraints of habit and timidity, inspire him with confidence and render his body capable of Gesture-action.

VALUE OF PRACTICE.

Do not take for granted that you will do these things as soon as you understand and approve them. They all demand practice. Even the most natural movement may be most difficult for you because of habits of movement. To test this, you only need try a single lesson in fencing, dancing, military drill, and you will find that after each movement has been most fully explained to you, that you must try it many times before you can execute it correctly, and then many times more before you do it as if it were a "natural" action for you. And yet in all these exercises, the movements are such as years of experience have proven to be best suited for the complete and fullest action of the body. And the best use of the body is the natural use you wish to acquire.

Therefore, we practice movements of the body as a drill for Voice and Gesture. For, it will be generally observed that speakers who have good action, make by far the best use of their voices and those who have poor action, though they may have tolerable voices, seldom use them well. And should anyone wish to

discard Gesture, it should at least be for a better reason than that he is ignorant of its use and power. Persons are apt to mistake the term Gesture. If an orator delivers his sentences without use of hand or arm, they are ready to exclaim, "He never used a gesture!," when perhaps every sentence was given with excellent Gesture. Gesture is bodily action responding to the impulses of the mind and soul. It may have been the contraction or relaxation of muscles of foot, or limb, or waist, or neck, or of all these, making the sum of all members of the body for expression. May not the cheek flush or grow pale, the body relax or be firm, and the hands be at the sides? And is not this Gesture? We should develop and train the body that it may not hinder our work of expression, but give full play to all members when impulse calls.

For convenience we make three divisions.

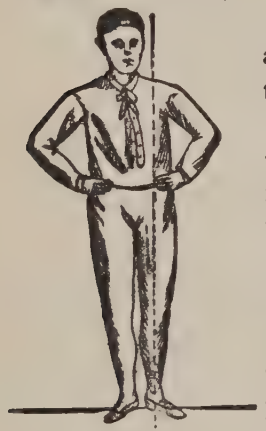
1. **BELOW THE WAIST.**
2. **ABOVE THE WAIST.**
3. **MOVEMENT OF ENTIRE BODY.**

I am convinced that the movements below the waist, though least noticeable to the audience, are of most importance. Any awkward or constrained movement or position of the feet or lower limbs will be plainly indicated by a counter movement and position of the head, shoulders, or trunk. All these upper parts of the body take position corresponding to the movements and position of the lower limbs and feet. Therefore, that the head and trunk may move in harmony with movements of the feet, we first give exercises to impart freedom and elasticity to the muscles of the neck and waist.

HEAD MOVEMENT.

These exercises develop and train muscles of the neck and face. Few persons can turn the head easily to the side, or throw it well backward or forward. This will be found difficult as a simple gymnastic exercise, and as long as this is the case, the movement will not likely be used in gesture. You must *free* these muscles; then they will respond to gesture impulses.

Muscles of Neck.



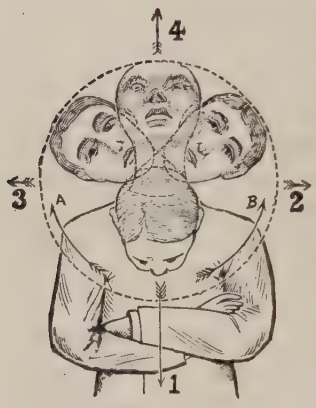
1. "Stand as in Cut 32, but with arms folded as in Cut 21. Keep the head well erect, and with a firm count of "*one*" "*two*," turn the head to the *right* until you face over the right shoulder; then to the *left* in like manner. Repeat eight or ten times, and practice with energy.

Do not practice any of these exercises long at first. But while you do practice, practice vigorously. Let all movements be given with the neatness and precision of military drill.

2. Stand as in Cut 32, arms folded.

a. Drop the head well forward as far as possible, then raise it and throw it well back as at 4 in Cut 22. Do this with energy and count as in Ex. 1.

b. Hold head well erect. Move it well to the *right*, allowing it to

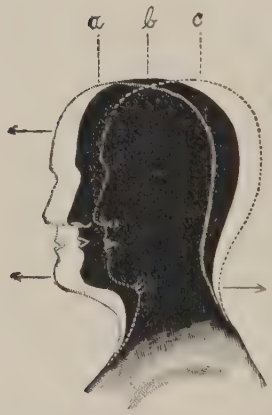


CUT 22.

drop as near the shoulder as possible; then in like manner to the *left*. Repeat ten times with counts.

[*c*. Drop the head forward and allow it to *roll* to the left in direction of arrow B, and so pass to points 2, 4, 3, and complete the circle at 1. Repeat several times and then practice from left to right.

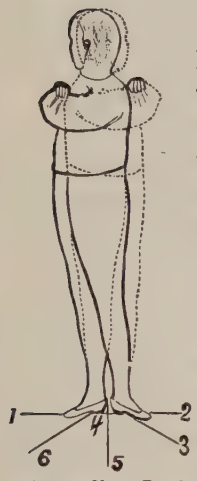
FORWARD OR BACKWARD.



Keep head well erect, so that the chin and forehead are on a perpendicular line as in Cut 20, and the line *b* is directly above the center of the head. Now, keeping the line of the face perpendicular, move the head forward firmly until line *a* is directly above the center; then, draw the head firmly back until *c* is above the center The outline of the cut will assist the directions. Make these movements firmly and keep the chin and forehead in perpendicular line. Count "one" and "two" to the Ex.

BODY MOVEMENT.

TURNING.



Stand with feet as in Cut 23, the line 5 should pass directly between the feet. Keep the arms folded. Keeping the feet firmly in position, turn the body to the *right* until the left side is toward line 5, and allow the head to turn still farther to the right and bring the back of the head toward 5. Then reverse this movement to the left until the right side of the body and the back of the head are toward line 5. Repeat several times vigorously. It will require some practice before you can execute this well. It is valuable as it trains a large number of muscles and renders many movements easy that otherwise would be very difficult.

EXTENSION.

Stand with feet as in Cut 23, hands as in lower figure of Cut 24. Raise the body upon the tips of the toes and allow the heels to turn inward until they touch and at the same time raise the shoulders as far as possible and then extend the arms upward, opening the hands and extending each finger to its fullest limit. After you have reached the utmost height, hold the body in position some seconds, then *slowly* come to former position and allow all muscles of the body to fully relax. Repeat

SWAYING.

CUT 32.

Stand as in Cut 32. Keep the heels firmly together on floor, hands at waist. Now, keeping the feet firm, and *not allowing either knee to bend*, move the waist firmly to the right toward arrow 1. In doing this, the shoulders will move in opposite direction as in Cut 31, and the head will incline to the right. But you need not try to move the shoulders or the head. Make a strong effort to move the waist to the right and the shoulders and head will take the proper position unless you unduly restrain them. Now, move the waist to the left, and the shoulders will move to the right and the head to the left. Be sure you do not bend a knee. Practice patiently as this is one of the most useful of all the exercises. It is not only an exercise for general bodily movement, but it will add power and vigor to the Voice. It is of more value for the voice than any one vocal exercise I have ever found, since it trains the diaphragm and gives the fullest and most vigorous action to all the waist muscles.

CUT 33.

MOVEMENT BELOW THE WAIST.

N.—For numbers of Cuts, see plates at opening of Book.

EXERCISES FOR FEET, ANKLES, LOWER LIMBS, KNEES, THIGHS AND FULL LIMB.

Stand as in Cut 3. Then, allowing the weight of the body to rest upon the left foot entirely, extend the right foot to the right until the ankle is fully extended and the toes of the foot touch the floor.

To change the weight of body to the right foot, move the waist to the right and allow the shoulders to go to the left as in last Ex. With the left foot at *O* of Cut, extend the right foot as far as possible in direction of lines 6, 7, 1, 5, and after each extension bring it again to former position.

The line passing through the one foot should intersect the other foot at or near the instep. Thus in the Cut, the left foot at *O*, the right foot is in easy and neat position when on line 6 or 7, but awkward on line 1. While if the right foot is moved to position in Cut on 5, then the left foot is on line to the instep of the right and the position is again easy.

This will be made plain in Cut 26. Here the weight is on the left foot, and the lines from the points in the square and circle all meet at 9, or at the instep of the left foot. Now, to extend the foot toward 2 or 3,

turn the toe directly toward the point and then extend the limb as far as possible. Do not move the foot sidelong.

Stand as in Cut. With the right foot, describe this figure 8, making the compound curve with a free and easy sweep. Keep the body well balanced and the ankle and knee well extended, the toe following the line.

Change weight to right foot, and placing it at 1, follow the figure with left foot.

Stand as in Cut 3. Extend the right limb fully. Now, have the foot describe the circular line, but do not allow the knee or ankle to bend or relax. Practice about twenty times. Then place the right foot on floor and describe similar movements with the left foot. Then practice reverse movement.

Practice this at first with arms extended, then with the arms folded or close to the body.

Stand at angle 3 in Cut. Extend right foot about 10 inches to the right as in Cut. Keeping the knee firm, the ankle firm and extended, make a sweeping curve to the left and then return. Practice this several times. Now, a similar movement from left to right with the left foot. Follow as nearly as possible a line such as is laid down.

Now, begin with the movement from right to left and alternate it with the opposite movement. Make them with counts as 1 and 2, and 3 and 4, &c.

Stand on line 2 3, right foot at 2. Move the right foot,—knee and ankle fully extended—in front of the left foot to 3. Then return and follow the circle to 3. Do not bend the ankle; keep the knee as firm as possible. Repeat ten times. Place the weight upon the right foot and make similar movement with left limb. This will train the muscles of the thigh, and knee and ankle—and also teach you to balance the body properly. Alternate as in preceding Ex.

N. Make the line as long as possible by extending the foot as far as you can.

KNEELING.

1. Step forward with the right foot a double step and allow the left knee to touch the floor lightly. Keep the shoulders well erect and you can easily rise to your former position. Try this in different directions.

2. Put weight on the right foot. Then as in Cut, allow the left foot to glide backward on the line and the body to sink until the left knee is on the floor. Turn the heel slightly inward. Practice several times. Also try right foot with backward movement.

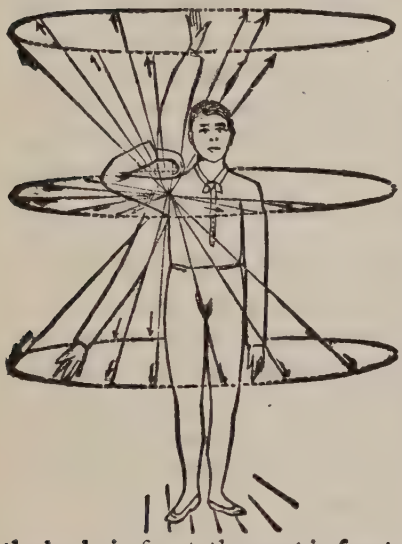
In kneeling, the knee nearest the audience should usually be on the floor. This brings the face of the person toward the audience.

In kneeling, the body should sink with even, graceful movement to its position, and when rising the shoulders should be well poised backward, thus preventing any strain of the muscles. The entire action of kneeling should require no more special effort, than the single movement of arm or limb.

If the arms are used, unless they are folded or brought to the body, they should be used as in Cut, the right arm advanced.

ARM MOVEMENTS.

FULL ARM STROKE.



A. Imagine three circles as in Cut. Then, from the shoulders with arm as in Cut, make a series of 9 downward full strokes of the arm, allowing the elbow to straighten fully, the hand to open well and the entire arm to be firmly extended. Count for the strokes and make the first of the series across the body in front, the next in front, and continue as indicated by circle and lines, ending with backward stroke. Make each stroke firmly and raise the elbow and drop the hand in preparation for each stroke, as in the Cut.

B. Make a like series of strokes to the horizontal circle. Count for each stroke.

C. A like series for upper circle.

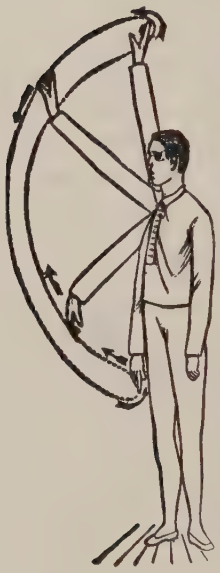
D. A like practice with left arm.

E. The same exercise with both arms.

NOTE.—Be careful to raise the arm well in preparation for each stroke.

This full stroke of the arm is of most frequent use in gesture. It accompanies the Accent. Thus, if you will repeat a phrase with this arm stroke at the accent, you will find the stroke of the accent will be greatly increased. The same thing is true of other gymnastic exercises given here.

RAISING THE ARM.



Keep the elbow firm but allow the wrist to be bent as in Cut. When raising the arm, the movement begins at the shoulder, and the hand *follows* the arm. So in descending, the hand is curved upward as in Cut. Practice often. Use left hand in like manner.

TO TURN THE HAND.

Raise the arm with hand following, as before. When at proper height, *turn the arm*, but do not allow the hand to rise above the wrist. Turn the hand by a movement of the entire arm. Try with both hands.

FULL ARM MOVEMENT—CIRCLE.

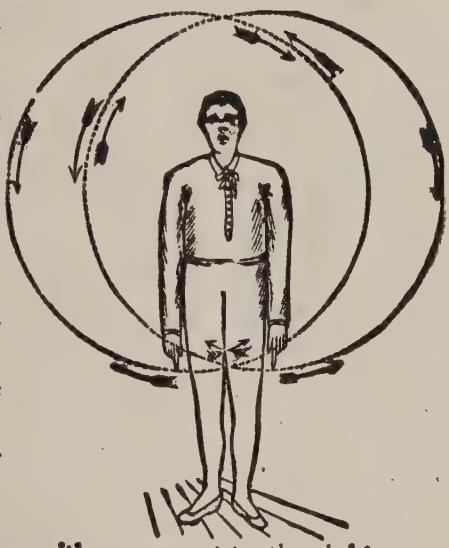
Without bending elbow, raise the arm as in Cut, and carry it backward as shown by arm in Cut, thus completing the circle at side of body. Practice with vigor.

Practice like circle with left arm.

Practice with both arms.

Practice again in reverse order, starting the hand *backward* from the side.

COMBINED CIRCLE.



1. Move the full arm to the left, and as you raise it, allow the wrist to bend that the hand may follow the forearm, and the elbow to bend slightly, while the movement proceeds mainly from the shoulders. This will give exercise and training to the entire arm.

2. Practice same with movement to the right.

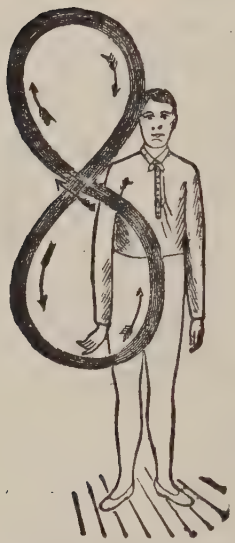
3. Practice same exercise with left arm.

4. Practice with both arms at same time.

Allow the hands to *follow* the arms in all these exercises.

This full sweep of the entire arm gives power and dignity to gesture. If I speak of trivial things, I make gesture with my fingers; if more important, I may use my entire hand, or the forearm, but, if of great importance, the full arm movement would be used. The greater the impulse, the stronger and fuller the action of gesture. Try any sentence of strong assertion with this full sweep of the arm and you will perceive its fitness for powerful gesture. The hand may rise with a sweep to right or left, forward or back, or may descend right or left from above the head. Similar movements may be made on smaller circles, if ideas be less important.

COMPOUND CURVES.



A *compound curve* is the line of beauty. Two such curves will form a figure such as we have in Cut. Practice this figure with full arm, having the hand follow the arm. The arrow heads will guide you as to direction.

Practice in reverse order, moving the hand opposite the arrow points of last Ex.

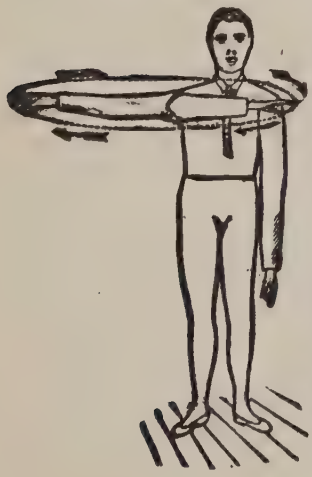
You will observe that this figure is a combination of the circles of the former Ex. The circle made by moving the hand inward from below may well be called a "*positive circle.*" It brings the hand upward with palm toward the face of the speaker.

The circle formed by moving the hand outward, brings the back of the hand toward the face of the speaker and is the "*negative circle.*" This last figure and exercise combines both circles. Therefore, it is a most useful practice. It trains *all possible movements* of the arm, and the hand may stop at any point of this entire figure and the movement will be graceful and beautiful. The gesture is always pleasing when made with this movement.

The compound curve is the line of beauty. It is the line of nature. When the arm rises in gesture action, this line should be used where the ideas are pleasing or beautiful. Straight lines are used only for violent emotions, unpleasant ideas. All the movements of the body should combine and accord with the voice to express our thoughts and emotions.

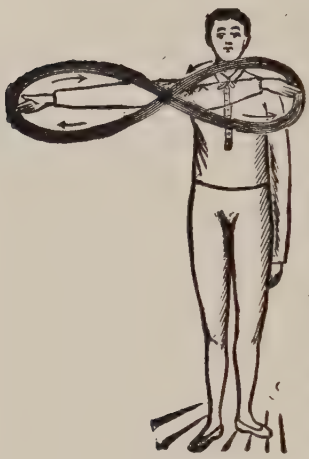
Use both arms on curve lines as in Cut. At any number of convenient points, as in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, allow the hands to turn slightly and the arms to hold firm in their position for an instant, and you will observe then at any point in these lines the gesture movement is graceful. Practice carefully and observingly.

HORIZONTAL MOVEMENT OF ARM.



Extend the right arm fully to the right from the body. Then, move it with full sweep to the left shoulder and return it to its former position, forming an ellipse as in Cut. Make the movement firm and sweeping, and be sure the *hand follows* the wrist in each movement. Practice to make this stroke firm and full. Practice like movement with left arm.

ARM MOVEMENT.——COMPOUND CURVE.

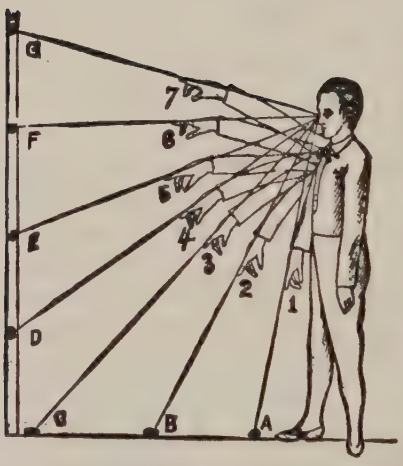


Observing directions for hand and wrist in preceding examples, practice the compound curve of the figure in Cut. Make the movement easy and sweeping.

Practice in like manner with left arm.

This sweep of the arm may also be made as low as from the waist, or even above the head.

POINTING.



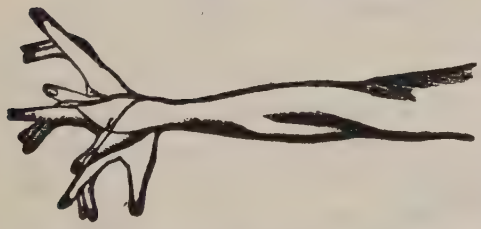
The hand must rise to the line of sight. Thus, to indicate any of the points in the Cut, the hand comes to the line from the eye to the point. The entire hand points, the wrist and forefinger are on level, as in Cut.

The eye first sees the object, then, if it is of enough importance, the hand indicates it. The hand may point to a *well known* object without the eye seeing it.

ARM AND FOOT MOVEMENT.

Stand with left foot at 1, heel of right foot at instep of left. Step to right about 20 inches as in Cut, bending right knee, but keeping left knee straight. Come to 1st position again. Step farther this time, to 3. Recover again. Thus practice, until with a long step with right foot, you can place the left knee on the floor. Try in like manner, turning the body and stepping in other directions, as indicated by the lines of Cut. Use hands with step, the right arm in same direction as right foot. Practice in like manner to the left.

HAND MOVEMENT.

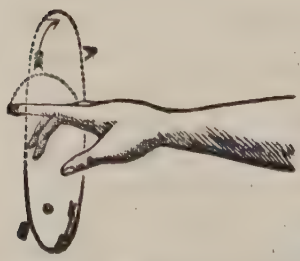


A. Extend the arm as in Cut. Keeping the elbow firm, raise the hand from the wrist, keeping the fingers all in position, until it forms a sharp angle at the wrist. Then allow the hand to fall and point to the floor, without changing position of arm. Repeat often.

B. Extend the arm; hand, palm downward. Keep the arm firm and move the entire hand to right and then to left, as in Cut. Keep fingers still, and have the movement all proceed from the wrist. Practice with left hand.

Practice like movement with hand in position for pointing. Do not hold muscles rigidly firm.

B. Extend the arm very fully and hold the hand firmly clenched as in Cut. Now, keeping the arm firm, throw the fingers violently open, so as to completely spread the palm of the hand, and fully extend all the fingers and the thumb, as in Cut. Then close them again firmly and repeat the exercise ten times. Practice all exercises vigorously.



C. Wrist Circle. Extend the arm fully and with hand in position for pointing, as in Cut, describe a circle from the wrist. Make the circle as perfect as possible, and be sure that all movements proceed from the wrist. Practice left to right, then right to left.

Wrist Movement.

VERTICAL.

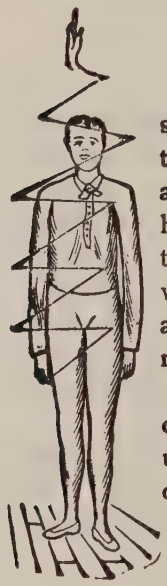
Allow the arm to rise from the side slowly and as it ascends make a series of vertical movements with the wrist until the arm is raised to its full limit, when you will complete the movement by one full stroke of the wrist. The Cut will suggest the movement. These last hand exercises will give great freedom and force of action to the wrist.

Each arm gesture is not complete until the wrist stroke is given. This movement is the last part of the gesture action.

Elbow Circles. 1. With arm downward, describe a circle from the elbow, keeping the hand in position of last Ex., allowing the hand to follow the wrist. Thus, when the wrist ascends, the hand will be below the wrist, when the wrist descends, the hand will be above.

2. Raise the arm to a horizontal position and make a circle in like manner.

3. Raise the arm directly upward and describe a third circle. Be careful the circle is from the elbow; do not move the arm at the shoulder. Practice like manner left arm.



COMBINED ARM MOVEMENT.

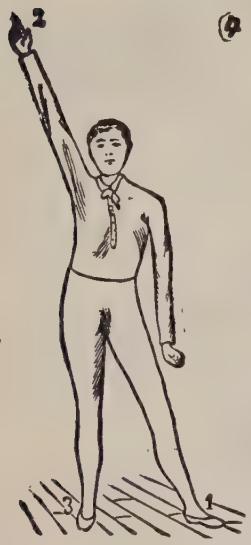
Allow the arm to start from the side and make a series of movements to left and right, the hand following the arm, and gradually ascend until the hand reaches its highest point above the head. Let it end the movement with a vigorous stroke of the elbow and wrist. The Cut will explain the movement. Practice with left arm.

This movement of hand and arm is called into use when the meaning is held until near the close of the sentence, or in rising to a climax.

HANDS TOGETHER.

The hands, from their lowest point of clasping to their highest at the neck, form a *scale* of intensity—the higher they clasp, the more excitement of feeling they express. The hands together, denote sympathy and affection; when apart, they show *disagreement* or *opposition* of feeling. When clasped, the palms should be pressed together; to clasp only the fingers would evince lack of emotion.

LONG LINES OF GESTURE.



The longer the lines of Gesture, the more striking and more powerful the effect of the movement. Thus, in the Cut, the line from 1 to 2 gives strength and power to the gesture and seemingly adds to the height of the speaker. So, also, if the right arm be raised and the line be formed from 3 to 4. Also, lines formed with weight on forward foot and the arm raised as in Cut 1, show the longest lines of movement and are most striking. The power of a gesture depends partly upon the position of body and limbs, partly upon the lines of movement, and also upon the contraction and relaxation of muscles.

MOVEMENT OF EYES.

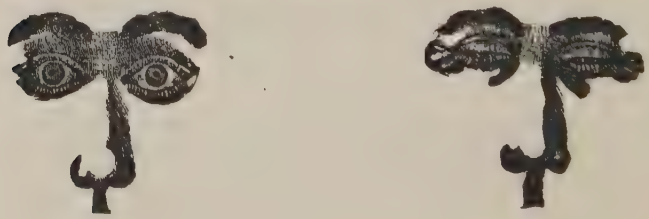
The muscles of the Eye are capable of wonderful development. Its movements, like those of other parts of the body, are limited in number, but of many degrees.

1. Stand with face to front. Turn both eyes firmly to right as if looking at some object. Do not turn the head. Turn them to the left in like manner. Practice with counts, but allow them to keep position for some seconds each time.

2. Keeping the face still, raise the eyes as if to see some object above the head. Lower them as if to see the floor. Practice each movement several times. The following cuts will assist.

3. Open the eyes to their widest extent and hold them so for some seconds. Then close them firmly and hold them so for an instant before repeating the exercise. These exercises will strengthen the eyes, as well as render them more expressive.

4. Close the eyes until almost shut, as if thinking, and hold them in this position.



5. With eyes well open and fixed upon some point at a distance, suppose that point to move toward you and come closer and closer until it touches the forehead. As you do this, the eyes will turn *inward* slightly. The same movement will be seen when the mind is closely concentrated in thought. Reverse the above action and the eyes will separate and if you take in a wide scope of view they will turn slightly outward. This is seen in certain wild, strong passions. The cuts will show the movement of eyes.

MOVEMENT OF EYEBROWS AND FOREHEAD.

Raise the brows and the forehead will show a number of long furrows as in Cut. It is important to have the fullest movement of all muscles of the brows. They show each impulse most distinctly. They become flexible with even a small amount of practice. After raising the brow, hold the position some seconds. Then firmly draw the brows downward and together as in Cuts. Practice firmly and hold the muscles firm after each movement. The Cuts will show the action of the muscles.

THE LIPS.

1. Close the lips firmly and hold them in this position some seconds. Then speak firmly a sentence, as: "*This shall be so*," and after each word close them again very firmly.

2. Round them well as in tone exercise. Holding them firmly, repeat in surprise or wonder a sentence, as: "*O No, No, No! Why, who could have done this?*" Keep lips firmly rounded.

3. The lips do not always close evenly. The lower jaw frequently moves slightly to right or left. This is usually the case in the meaner passions, as hate, rage, fury, envy, scorn, spite.

Also, in opening the lips, they do not part evenly in such emotions. The first part of the work is to train the muscles, the peculiarities of movement will follow. They are a part of nature and will come if you only give nature freedom.

THE NOSTRILS.

In anger, or strong excitement, or sickness, the movements of the nostrils are most striking. They depend for action mainly upon the breathing, however For practice, use examples for "Gutteral Rattle."

GOOD READING.

Reading is an Art—it demands practice. Two things make up the work of the reader. 1st. To translate the thought from the page and take it to his own mind. 2nd. To express it again to his auditors.

First. The reader must learn to *see ideas*—to take the *thought* to his mind, not the words. With one swift glance, his mind must grasp the *idea.* He must take up at one glance so much of the discourse as forms at least one idea. A little practice will make it as easy to see a line as a syllable. It is not necessary to keep the glance fixed upon the page more than a small proportion of the time, even though the matter be new. Observe this—You can always pause between ideas, and there is always time to take the second idea if you look up from the page while expressing the first.

You will find that a single glance will enable you to take from the page a line or even two lines, and practice will train your eye and mind to take a stanza at one quick glance. But you must practice this well. It can be gotten no other way.

If you read with eyes fixed on the page, it will sound as if "reading to yourself," and keeping the mind directed to the page, you will not be able to express emotion or to hold the audience. It may be said that certain noted men have delivered sermons, lectures, dramatic parts without once looking up. May be so. When you are noted, you may do so too. Their faculties have all been trained in various ways and this style of delivery is not a habit with them as you are in danger of making it with yourself.

THE MAN WITHIN.

Your body is but a covering, a mask, a shell, within which, back of what we see, dwells the living, sentient, thinking, active, God's image—that looks and listens, thinks and feels,—to which we speak, and with which we sympathize. Your flesh is but a cloak of something better, greater.

This body is but an earth-woven suit of armor in which the divine life, the soul, the real man, battles with things earthly.

A man is imprisoned here within a temple. He has thoughts that burn for expression, emotions and longings he desires to communicate to the outer world.

He looks out at the windows—he listens at the loop-holes for every sound; he forms systemized, articulate sounds, he strives by motion, by attitude, and by all we call gesture to show forth his thoughts and feelings. He struggles for freedom, but he is destined to keep within his prison. More than that, he must carry it about with him. When he thinks of the east, and would face the coming of the sun, he turns his prison about until it fronts the god of day. Would he go on some mission; he takes up his abode and walks off with it, comes to his destination, sets down his dwelling, and by movements or attitudes of it, holds discourse. He protects that dwelling of his, too. If unexpectedly he encounters danger, if some other body is moving on a straight line toward his house, he moves off to the right. Should he come near a precipice, he stops short. In fact, it takes up much of his time to attend his house. Should anybody offer insult, he raises it aloft, high as possible, and shows resentment; before nobler souls, he bows

it low and even prostrates it in the dust in recognition of greatness.

Now, this body is a piece of intricate mechanism, a veritable machine, built upon a frame work of mathematical precision, moved and operated with levers, cords and tendons, all of which are directed by the "man himself." It is therefore most essential to obtain the freeest possible action of all parts of this machinery; to give the best and fullest action to all levers and cords, that they may move at the slightest impulse of the "*man.*" For this reason, all exercises of gymnastic sort that will give pliancy and elacticity to muscles, develop harmoniously all parts of the machine, and make every part most subservient to the will, are of great value.

LIMIT OF MOVEMENTS.

How many movements can be made with one member of the body, as with hand, arm, head, or trunk? "An infinite number!" you say. Perhaps so, but these are not of infinite classes. From one spot upon the earth we may have an infinite number of directing lines to distant points, as to the points in the circumference of a circle, but we call all these as North, East, South, and West, with their intermediates. So with movements of body, or parts of the body.

The head may be erect, or drop forward or be thrown back. When erect, it may move to right or left. When forward, it may also move to right or left, and also when thrown backward.

Thus it has eight distinct movements and one central position.

So the HAND may be extended as in Cut 35, and have thus three movements. Now the hand may be

elevated from the wrist as in Cut 37, and have three movements here. It may fall below the wrist and have its three movements then. Finally, it may form a circle as in Cut 69 and thus take in all points by one movement. So all the movements of the ARM, Cut 36, are horizontal, descending and ascending. And each one of these divisions has its central position and right and left. Then, these are all combined in the circle, and also in the figure 8 of Cut 39.

The movements of the lower *Limbs* may be seen in Cut 26. The left foot is at the center of the circle and the right foot may move to any of the points marked on the circumference of the circle. Here we have nine positions and eight movements as before.

So the *Trunk* may be erect, and incline to right and left; may bend forward and then incline to right and left; may be thrown backward and again move to right and left.

The *Eyes* have like movements, as may be seen from cuts given in former pages. These movements may all be given with different degrees of energy and extent. But the design of our exercises is to render all parts of the body capable of these different movements. You will probably have some difficulty in executing some of the movements simply as gymnastic exercises, and this will make apparent the absurdity of expecting proper gesture action without careful physical drill and practice. Train and develop the body for its best and fullest action, and then *only* can you expect all parts to respond to mental and emotional impulses.

Subjective and Objective Action.

There are two mental and emotional states or acts to which I direct your attention.

1. When you are fully interested in something FROM you, as listening, looking for some object, or with your senses intent upon some external object, so as to call your mind *outward*. This we term OBJECTIVE. This state or act of the mind opens the eyes wide, gives the ready ear, parts the lips, takes the hands outward from you, and expands, impels the whole body outward as if each part of it were interested in the object.

2. Suppose you think—think hard, and you will observe the head will drop, the eyes will close, you do not listen, may not hear your own name if called; the hands remain close to the body or are folded upon the breast, or go to the head; the body itself reposes upon one foot, and there is a lack of physical energy. Your attention is within—*not* outward. So in severe grief, all the body relaxes. You do not wish to talk, to see, to hear, to use your hands, to manifest physical energy. This is SUBJECTIVE, when the mind is occupied with yourself.

If I ask you to point out for me some person, street, object, your movement is *Objective;* if I ask you to perform some mental operation and you are obliged to think intently and take your hand toward the head, the movement is *Subjective*. So, if I wish to describe for the audience a landscape, river, mountain, battle, person, building, all movements should be *from* me. I wish my audience to *forget* me—to see only the object; but if I tell a pathetic story and

personate some one who is in grief, my movements must be toward me, mainly; I wish the audience to think of the sufferer, of myself, since I am taking his place. Then in this my hands may clasp, may come frequently to the body, to the head, the eye, the breast, may wring with sorrow, &c.

Here is a difference between the action of the orator and that of the actor. The former has mainly objective work. The latter subjective. The one directs attention to facts, to scenes, incidents, and says, "See these things." The other impersonates emotion and passion and says: "See me, I suffer these things." One describes, the other enacts. And yet the orator will frequently use much of the actor's art; and the actor will often use objective action. In the play of Julius Cæsar, Brutus is the orator. His speech is oratorical, objective. Antony is subjective; he weeps and his grief is more powerful than the strong statements of Brutus.

ILLUSTRATION.

You meet a friend upon the street; he greets you with hearty salutation; his voice is clear and ringing; his hand is outstretched to grasp yours; his step is quick and elastic; he sees and hears all about him; if he stops to talk with you his weight is on the forward foot, and every part of his body is active and energetic. All the tones of his voice are brisk and lively as himself. He talks to you; he has many plans. What he did yesterday, last week; shall do to-day, next year: what other people are doing.

This is OBJECTIVE.

Now, suppose your friend goes to his office and shortly receives tidings of some accident at his home, —some one is hurt or dead. He goes home. You

call to offer sympathy. He meets you, a different man from the one you met two hours ago. His hand is not so firm; his eye less open and bright; his step is heavy and slow; his head is bowed; his body bent; his voice is changed and has lost its clear ring. He talks of no plans for to-morrow; he cares little for his projects of yesterday. He scarcely cares to see you, his intimate friend. You yourself feel that you are almost an intruder.

His hands move but little from his body; they clasp, they go to his head, his eyes, his breast or hang inactive at his sides. His utterances are the moan, the sigh, or a few broken words, all tremulous with his agony. He is wrapt up within himself.

This is SUBJECTIVE.

Or, suppose while you talk with your friend upon the street, a telegram informs him of financial losses, or the overthrow of some special plans. He will then become *subjective.* His manner will quickly change from the bright, cheerful, sprightly, to the thoughtful, anxious, absorbed. He will forget you, the morning, all about him. His voice will also change, and every movement will be different. He now "communes with himself" and forgets other company.

He is *subjective.*

Or if you take up the morning paper and read down its columns as if for yourself only, your voice will have a careless, mumbling tone, that evidences that your reading is intended for yourself alone. But as you proceed, you find something relative to your friend who may be near, you read it over and think it best to call his attention to it. You call him, "Brown! Here's something for you!" Then you re-

read the article and every accent is widely different. Do you see? One was subjective; the other, objective. Let me merely suggest, then, that children will read much better if they read to some one; and ministers preach better if they talk to their congregations and not to manuscripts. It is not enough that the mind be *active*,—it must be actively objective or subjective as the thought requires. Many a learned discourse sleeps, not in the ear of the audience—it never gets that far, but in the cranium of the speaker, who never gives it expression.

I hope you understand me. If not, read this chapter again. It should suggest to you the cause and remedy of many faults in speaking. But observe this; at no time can we be entirely objective or subjective. For as your friend when you first met him could not entirely get away from himself, he could not be altogether *objective;* and as later, he could not forget the cause of his grief, so he could not be entirely subjective. But the objective or subjective state may largely preponderate.

MIND CONCEPTS.

The manifestations of the Mind are plainly of three kinds.

1. *Mental Ideas.*—Intellectual, Mathematical, having no perceptible emotion, *only fact.*

Such as demonstration of truth, plan, purpose, direction for finding street, locality, or the performance of some mathematical operation. In utterance of such mental phrases the tone of voice is of peculiar character,—mental, thoughtive, non-emotional.

2. *Emotional.*—In expression of joy or sorrow, love or hate, pleasure, pain or disappointment,—as in an account of some pleasant meeting, some delightful journey, some disagreeable work, some glad surprise, some great sorrow,—every word or syllable tells of the soul impulse.

3. *Will Force.*—When you express determination or mental energy, as if you should say most firmly: "*I shall do this.*" Repeat this sentence several times, each time with increased firmness, and observe the peculiar tone that indicates your mental determination.

TAKE THREE SENTENCES:

1. Locke says:—We are born with powers and faculties of mind capable of almost anything.

2. But O, for a touch of the vanished hand
And a sound of the voice that is still!

3. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained within my shores, I would never lay down my arms,—never! never! never!!

Also these three from Hamlet:

1. Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue, and do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently. For in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

2. O that this too—too solid flesh would melt! Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! God! O God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world.

3. I will watch to-night! Perchance 'twill walk again. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace!

In the first series, the first sentence is simply a statement of fact; the second expresses an emotion of longing and sorrow; the third a strong energy of determination. So, in the second series, Hamlet in the first, gives direction to the player; in the second, he portrays a woeful agony; in the third, a determination that passes all limits of reason.

Now, you will certainly perceive that these sentences are widely different and that the proper rendition of them will be given only by widely different uses of voice and gesture. You will perceive also, that certain tones, cadences, accents of voice are distinctively *mental*, others *emotional*, and others of *will* force.

Take almost any selection of Book II., and you will observe these three parts. 1. *Descriptions* of places, people, statements of time, manner, etc. 2. *Emotional* parts, grief, gladness, surprise, anger, shame, remorse. 3. A *firmness* or energy of expression, a power of assertion that is only possible by the use of the *will*.

Each sentence must be partly mental; it may be almost entirely non-emotional, or without *will force*, but it cannot be without a mental part. For our very words are so much mechanism, since they are formed by plan and are grouped methodically in phrases and sentences. And, in a wider sense, a discourse throughout has these three component parts. There is an *intellectual structure*, a skeleton, a plan, an outline, arrangement, a purpose, all of which is so much

of mechanical device. Then there is an *emotional* part, a covering, as it were of this skeleton, with ever-changing emotions, of surprise, wonder, astonishment, pity, sorrow, anger, fear, remorse, melancholy, &c. Then there is, too, a *will* part. Even the power of utterance comes from the will. There must be will to give the power of strong assertion, the firmness of opposition, the more than manlike power that says "*I dare!*", that gives the audience the strong conviction of the speaker's sincerity.

Then, when these three powers are joined, then and then only does the full power of the speaker shine forth.

"LIKE AND DISLIKE"—POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE.

I believe we will all agree in classifying the things about us as "*good*," "*bad*" or "*indifferent*." That is, we "*like*" things, we "*dislike*" them, or we are "*indifferent*" upon their presentation. This is true of things about us, of books, houses, people, cities, dwellings, occupations—of all the things we actually see, hear, touch, taste, smell, or that come in contact with any of our senses.

It is also true of mental things, of ideas, thoughts, works of the imagination, results of reason, &c. We say, "it is a pleasing thought," "terrible to think of." And also of abstractions, as hope, virtue, truth, justice, love, honor, friendship—these are things we can not touch nor handle nor see, yet we say we "like" them, "admire" them, "prize" them, &c. While of vice, falsehood, strife, enmity, tyranny, hate, dishonor, we say we "dislike," we "condemn," we "deprecate," and "shun." Now, we say these things our minds and souls "prize," "like," "seek for," "desire," are *positive*.

Those we "dislike," "shun," "condemn," are *negative*. If there be any things, thoughts, or emotions, we neither like nor dislike, let them be "indifferent." It might be as well to say, we like all that give us pleasure and shun all that give us pain. Now, these things we like—*positive*—we go toward, we ask for them, look for them, our hands reach out after them. Things we dislike—*negative*—we go from, we repel them, we reproach them with speech.

Now, every part of the Body can assert its like or dislike—can express positive or negative ideas.

THE FEET.

In *positive* assertion, the weight is on the forward foot thus carrying the body forward, the body leans well forward, the knees bend perhaps, and the body kneels in asking for what it wants. Prayer, beseeching, asking, all are positive.

Negative.—The weight is back, the body receding as in fright, terror, even sublimity and grandeur, if overpowering—but simple beauty is positive. In beholding a large building, we step from it, so at Niagara, or anything startling.

Not only a backward movement, but a side movement is *negative*. Things we like, we approach directly—in straight line, not with veering movement. Remember this—all that overpowers becomes negative, even joy, laughter, just as excessive eating gives not pleasure but pain; so, excessive joy, mirth.

THE BODY.

When impulses are *positive*, the body leans forward as if drawn toward the object of thought or emotion, as when talking earnestly with our friends, looking intently at pictures or books. But if we are sur-

prised, the movement is backward, as when we first see a friend, or a beautiful picture.

The Body is *negative* when startled, surprised; moves backward, or to the side, as to shun, repel, or avoid the object presented.

THE HEAD.

With *positive* ideas, inclines slightly forward toward objects, moves up and down to express assent, or approbation ; or reclines on the side nearest the object.

Is *negative*, when it moves from side to side to express dissent, non-approval, to deny or refuse.

THE EYE.

When open, or directly forward, shows *positive* ideas. Side movement is *negative;* also contracted movements show strong negation.

LIPS.

Positive, when calm or even or natural. *Negative*, when drawn or curled.

HANDS.

Positive, when palms are toward the face or head or heart. When they receive, beckon, ask, beseech.

Negative, when reversed, or backs are toward face or head or heart. When they repel, ward off or banish.

Thus each and every part of my body expresses its like or dislike to ideas or emotions. Then, if I strongly admire anything, all of my body must express that admiration, or if I dislike an object all my body expresses that dislike.

Suppose there be an object of love, then the weight is on the forward foot, the body leans forward, the head likewise, the eye is open, well open and fixed

upon the object, the hands one or both are outstretched toward the object—each part of the body expresses that emotion. But if there be an object of *aversion*, then the body is thrown back, the head up, or turned to the side, the eye to the side, the hand repels—all express aversion.

THE SYMPATHETIC.

One style or manner of speech each speaker should studiously avoid—the unsympathetic, inharmonious, which reflects no feeling, sentiment. Have you not heard the *mechanical* voice, automatic speech-making, —a tone that might be produced by an instrument of wood, or base metal? Have you not seen gestures that were made as by a jumping jack, where arms move as impelled by pulleys that were revolved by some crank? There are but few parts of discourse that are so thoughtive as to admit no coloring of sympathy. There lies here one danger in practice of vocal exercises—a danger of machine work. The mere development of a voice, sole production of tone or voice power, is mechanical.

You must cultivate that tone produced. It is only raw material for speech. It is the hard, unspeaking rock and you must give it form and expression of statue work. It is the unhewn oak, you must smooth it, give it shape for your higher purpose. Mark this, the unsympathetic, matter-of-fact tone is usually the result of *habit*. We habitually restrain all emotional feeling and impulse and grow methodical and common-place in speech. A noisy speaker is a nuisance; noise is opposed to intensity.

Do you not observe the differences of the tones of voice; and is it not apparent that the gesture would be

different in the examples? Now, you must increase these differences—you must make the sad more sad, the determined more determined, the lively more lively, &c.

Gesture-Action.

If you utter a sentence firmly, you will observe a strong action of the muscles of the waist and of the organs of articulation at the *thought word.* Try this sentence: "Time *himself* grows gray," emphasis on "*himself.*" Try it again and raise the hand as you speak it and you will perceive the hand will complete the movement on "*himself.*" Thus, *the gesture goes with the idea, and is completed at the thought word.*

Then, each Accent is really a Gesture, and all other movement of hand, arm, limb or entire body is but carrying out the impulse of the idea. So, I may make a thousand gestures and not move hand or foot, and I may move hands and feet a thousand times and not make one gesture. For, if the movement does not accord with the idea, and is not complete at the *thought-word*, it is not gesture.

This is the law of gesture—*The movement is with the idea.* If a sentence has six ideas, there are six gestures, and each one may be carried out with movement of hand, arm or entire body.

This action of the body has a wonderful effect upon the speaker as well as upon the audience. It rouses the speaker. It increases the circulation of his blood, gives mental activity and enables him to forget his auditors and be master of himself. Gesture must first affect the speaker. This action, beginning with muscles of the waist, and bringing into play all the

parts of the body, rouses the *will*, warms the blood, and stimulates the brain. Standing in easy position, try this sentence: *I will do this*, emphasis on "*will*." As you pronounce "*will*," allow the hands to clench, the muscles of the neck to become firm, and the limbs to become braced. Try it again and raise one hand high as the head, or higher, keeping the body firm. Practice vigorously several times. Now, you will observe its effect upon you results not so much from the position of body and limbs, as from the firmness of each part, the contraction of muscles. The audience will not *see* this gesture—they will *feel* it. A *blind* man in your audience would know you made it.

Try these examples, making the body firm for each emphatic accent.

1. *Dare!* I have dared cry "*Come on!*" to a cohort of bearded *warriors*, and is it *thy* smooth face shall appal me! *Dare!*

2. Glamis thou art and Cawder, and *shalt be* what thou art promised.

3. Where is my *father?* I'll not be juggled with! I'll be revenged most *fully* for my father.

Each part of the body may express an idea. Hands are no more dumb than lips. Man is intelligent to his toes and fingers.

GESTURE.

N. For examples in Gesture practice, use the Selections of Book II.

If objects are *material*, we designate them in four ways. 1. With the eye—we look at them. 2. With the body—we lean toward or from the object. 3.

With the foot—we step toward or from the object. 4. With the hand, we point out the object. We may use one or all of these modes of designating the object; the more interest we have in the object, the more fully should we direct attention to it. Thus, a person passes my window, I see him, I become interested in him; I lean forward to observe him closely; I step forward; I point to him to call attention of others to him.

If things are *imaginary*, then my work is double. I wish now to have you see what I saw yesterday, last week, last year, or what I have in my mind. I must show my audience what my mind sees. Thus if it be a tree, mountain, river, building, person, landscape, any scene or spectacle, a picture of it all is upon the mind and we describe this picture. As if you should say: Ladies and gentlemen, out there is a valley, down through it flows a river, over there is a lofty mountain; there is a house, here are the people; a boat is on that river, and so on, until your picture is before the audience in detail. When you thus give each object a place, it becomes real to you and to the audience.

AS TO ABSTRACT THINGS.

Thoughts, Emotions, Ideas, Facts, Truths, Joy, Hope, Sorrow, &c., things not material, all these must be treated as material. Treat them as if you could see, touch, handle them. Observe the following:

1. Here are books. (Material.)
2. Here are facts. (Abstract.)
1. This is my watch. (Material.)
2. This is my opinion. (Abstract.)
1. Give me money! (Material.)
2. Give me sympathy. (Abstract.)

Here you will observe that the same movement of gesture can express the two sentences.

Then we treat as if Personages, Joy, Hope, Love, Time, Death, &c., as actual *creations* of *form* with powers of *mind* and *soul.* So, we address them, reach out our hands to them, repel them, beseech them. And as to location, well, heaven is the source of all our good and as things appear better we place them higher; as they lessen in grandeur or benefit, we place them lower. Thus virtues are angels and vices are demons.

WORD PICTURES.

Pictures make up the alphabet of Fancy, but they spell out many of our best thoughts. Picture language is common to all nations, all conditions of mankind. In the first rude carvings of the savage, the rough hieroglyphics of the ancients, or the polished simile or metaphor of Tennyson or Longfellow, it is the same principle. When we have striking, beautiful thoughts, we use pictures to portray them.

Thus we try to get or give an idea of *Time.* "Time" is a "stream," an "ocean," a "valley," a "desert," an "old man," a "spirit."

Thus "years" run as "*sands,*" "flow as brooks," "*days*" fly like "the *shuttle.*" "*Liberty*" is a "*woman,*" an "*angel,*" a *divine spirit.*" Ships are "*white-winged birds,*" the "*winds of heaven*" are "*messengers,*" a "*Nation*" is a "woman," a "spirit," a "goddess" as the names of nations all go to show. And so, when we think of these things, some picture comes to our minds, and our gesture must be such as to portray that picture. Then, of course, two persons may name the same thing and their gesture be widely different. Suppose they both speak of "Time" and one pictures it as a "river," the other as "an old man with his scythe," the gesture of each must accord with his mental conception.

GESTURE—NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE.

Take two words of opposite meaning, "Yes" and "No."

Suppose I speak the latter, "No," firmly as if refusing some request. Suppose I am repeatedly urged to give my consent and with increasing force, I reply, "No!" and thus I continue until a series of negatives be used and at last I reach the most intense negative.

1. I may simply utter the word.

2. I may shake the head as I utter it.

3. I may utter the word more forcibly and move the head more firmly.

4. I may make all the body firm.

5. I may utter it with vehemence and make side movements of the hands and head.

6. If I use my hand in any or all of this, it will be turned with the back to my face, and it will move more firmly as my negation becomes more intense.

7. This negation is mental, it is the mind that refuses, and therefore as negation increases you will perceive more firmness at the head and the hand will go toward the head. When the hand is as high as the shoulder, it has gone one half of its scope; when it reaches its highest point it has come to its limit as far as motion is concerned. But it may still strengthen the negation by increasing its firmness as well as by a side motion.

So with "YES," an *affirmation.*

This also you may express in countless degrees. But the hand is turned the opposite—the palm to the face—and the movements of head are forward and back—not to the side.

Thus a speaker may use the same sentence twenty times and unless his mental intensity is each time the

same, his gesture will be different. It is therefore absurd to try to follow a rule of gesture; such as making so many movements of hands or feet; for it is impossible for us to reproduce mental states to order, and as the gesture is but the means of portraying the work of the mind, it must be strong or weak as the mental impulse is intense or otherwise.

As in above, practice the following phrases.

NEGATIVE.

Never! Never!

I would never lay down my arms!

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong!

I'll be revenged most fully for my wrongs.

POSITIVE OR AFFIRMATIVE.

Certainly!

I swear it, it is as true as heaven!

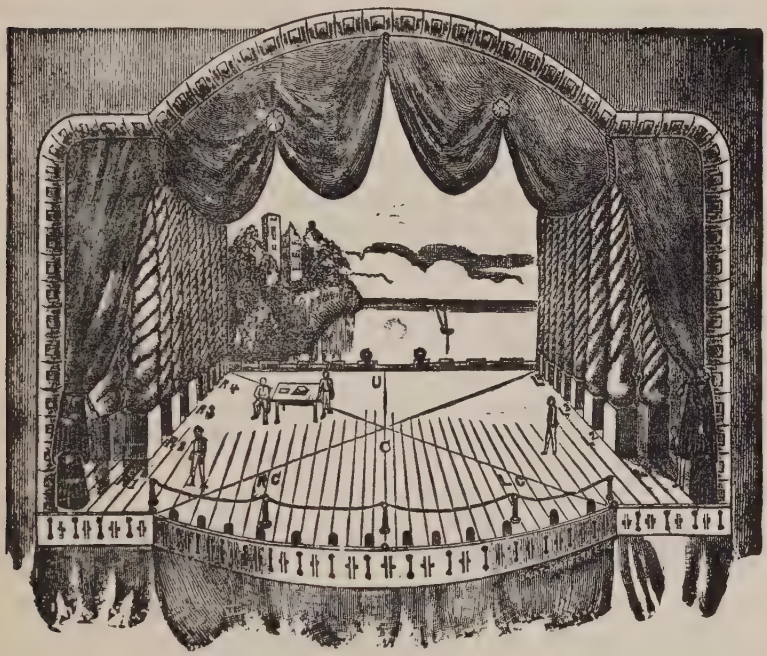
It is my living sentiment and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment.

BREATHING.

The action of breathing is wonderful as gesture. When listening, watching, intently engaged, we breathe short breaths and hold them long. When roused and angry, we breath long, full breaths, and the muscles of respiration act most vigorously.

RELAXATION.

It is difficult to relax the body sufficiently for some emotions. When we portray great sorrow, dispair, or weakness, all the body must relax. This is difficult. The breathing must change, the pulse must grow feeble, the entire body must become weak.



STAGE MOVEMENTS.

This cut is designed especially to show movements and positions of persons before an audience. C is center of stage. R C, right center. L C, left center. U, up the stage, the idea being that the stage slopes downward toward the footlights.

R 1, R 2, R 3, R 4, are right entrances. L 1, L 2, L 3, L 4, are left entrances.

DIRECTIONS FOR MOVEMENTS.

1. When on stage, with side to the audience, stand with foot *from* the audience forward. See figure of Cut at L 2.

2. In turning to leave the audience, turn with *face to audience.* See figure of Cut, at R 1. This person was facing figure at L 2 and turns to exit at R 1.

3. When standing beside table or chair, the foot next to table or chair should be advanced. See figure left of table in Cut.

4. When seated, the legs should not be crossed, nor the feet parallel. Let them be turned almost at right angles, and one somewhat in advance of the other.

5. A gentleman bowing to his audience should do so with the heels together. A lady should use the court'sy.

6. When leaving the stage, the performer should walk to entrance and then turn so as to exit with face to his auditors.

8. If possible, avoid walking across stage in line parallel to audience. Thus it will be better to go from L 4 to R 2 than from L 2 to R 2.

POSITIONS OF BODY.

STANDING, STEPPING, WALKING, RUNNING.

The Body is not often erect. The weight is usually supported mainly on one foot, one leg being relaxed. When the body is erect as in Cut 3, the weight is divided, half on each foot. But if the weight changes to the right foot then you will observe as in Cut 1, the waist moves to the right; the shoulders to left; the head to right. If the weight is changed to the left foot, then the waist moves to the left, the shoulders to right; the head to left. So, to determine the positions of other parts of the body observe the position of the waist.

POSITIONS OF STANDING.

1. Heels together, on line, as in Cut 32.

This is not often used. It is an awkward position. It is used by gentlemen in *bowing*, or by servants, or in character sketches. When the feet are some distance apart, the heels on even line, the position is one of *burlesque*, *intoxication* or *weakness from illness*.

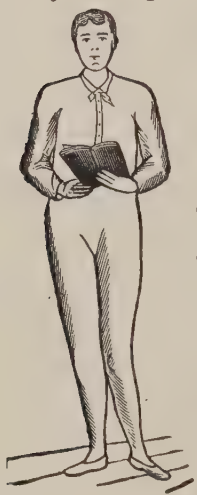
ONE FOOT ADVANCED.—ANGLE OF FEET.

The strong angle is the *right angle*. We use it wherever strength is required. So in *fencing*, *boxing*, all strong positions of *gymnastics*, we use it in placing the *feet*. The angle of the feet is measured by the lines passing through the feet from heel to toe. These lines will intersect, unless the feet are parallel. In general, the lines should intersect at the instep of the rear foot. The angle for ordinary use should be nearly 60 degrees; as the position is made stronger, the angle widens to a right angle. Thus from the *right angle*, the strongest position, to placing the feet parallel, or even turning the toes inward, we have a scale of positions from strong to weak. The feet may be turned outward beyond a right angle, but this is a burlesque position. The general fault is turning the feet too nearly parallel.

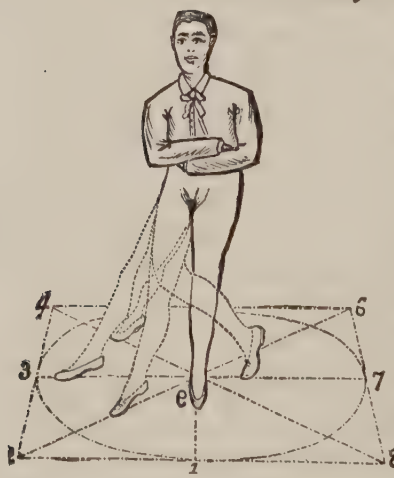
(*a*) *Weight on forward Foot as in Cut 1.*

Here the left leg is relaxed, the knee bent slightly, the toes turned well outward, while the body has a curve to right at waist, shoulders to left, head to right. The left foot may be in position well to rear

of right, or even on line at *right angle* to the right foot. This is an excellent position for the speaker. It denotes *energy*, *interest*, and *ease*, and *activity;* it gives free action to muscles of the waist, and enables the speaker to quickly strengthen or relax the entire body as he proceeds.



(*b*). *Weight on rear Foot as in Cut.* Here the forward foot is turned well to the instep of the other, the left knee is relaxed and slightly curved inward, and all other parts of the body correspond to position of feet. This is position for *repose*, for *reflection* or *soliloquy*. It denotes *confidence*, *conscious power*, or *thought*. How close one foot is to the other, depends upon the thought or emotion. The closer the feet, the weaker the position. The wider apart the feet, the more the body curves. In all, each foot *may* have *nine* positions.



In Cut, the right foot may have three positions in line 23, three in line 37, three in line 45. But many of these are but seldom used, except in comedy, or burlesque. The free foot will be at ease in any part of the circle from 1 to 3.

STEPPING.

Ob. One rule applies to all these exercises, when stepping to *side* or forward; turn the toe directly to the point to which you intend moving. If you step to the right, turn the toe directly to the right, etc. Do not move the foot sideways.

a. To step right and left.

Stand as in Cut, extend the right leg to the right, the toe turned to right, the ankle fully extended; have the toe touch the floor at about twenty inches from the instep of the left foot. Bring the right foot back to the left, the right heel at left instep. Practice several times. Now, make the step of the right foot longer, and just as the right toe touches the floor *turn the heel to the right and change the weight to the right foot, bringing the heel of the left foot to the instep of the right foot.* Now, practice in like manner with the left foot. In stepping to the side, bring the relaxed foot to the instep of the foot that has the weight. The feet need not be brought together, but nearly so, and the body must change its curves at each movements. These exercises will require much practice, and will be beneficial in training the feet to a proper angle.

This step will enable you to turn from one part of the audience to the other. Thus, if you face the audience at your left, and wish to turn to the right, *step to the left* and bring the right foot to position as in the exercise. In like manner, you can turn from the right to face the left with a single step.

Which foot to step.

In taking a step which foot should be moved? The

one that has the less weight. If the greater weight be on the rear foot, then the forward foot, or if the forward foot support the body's weight, then the rear foot moves first.

Now, observe in 26, the right foot is forward, and yet we desire to step forward, how now? Step with the relaxed limb, either forward or back, or to the side. You ask, must I keep thinking of this? No; do it a few times observingly and you will not need to think of it. It is the natural step.

THE FEET.

They give strength or weakness to the structure of the body. They are the foundation. If they are parallel, they denote weakness, illness, blindness, or some lack of power. If at right angles they show firmness. If close together, they show less power than apart, as they support the body more firmly when separated. If you speak of an object as if you see it, or point it out with the right hand, the right foot will usually be forward and the toes turned toward the object. So with the left hand and foot.

THE KNEES.

When firm, show firmness of mind, or will power. They relax with grief, fear, nervousness or timidity. Most persons bend the knee to much when walking. Upon the platform, the knee should bend but slightly in stepping. A "weak-kneed" orator could not be expected to convince men. In walking, the motion of the body should be slight.

THE ARMS.

The full arm should be used when pointing or giving strong emphasis. A bent elbow is as bad as a

weak knee. The stroke of the arm for gesture gives great effectiveness. Thus in any sentence of assertion, the arm may give a stroke as in the gymnastic exercises. This stroke may be in any direction, but it will be stronger if forward than at the side, and stronger as it is upward rather than downward. Thus if I say, *This is true!* If I move the hand to the side it will not be strong; if the stroke is forward, it will be better, but if raised aloft still better. It is then asserted as an oath. But you will perceive that my arm could make numberless movements for this one sentence. Which one, must depend upon the mind of the speaker.

POSITION OF HANDS.

The hand has two *prime* positions; prone, back to the face, and supine the palm to the face. The one position is negative, the other positive. For all we "like" or "desire," the palm is toward the face; for all we "dislike" or "repel," the back of the hand is to the face, or rather toward the mind, acting from the brain.

Also the hand is *clenched*, or *half-clenched*, or *convulsive*, as in *grasping*. It also *points*, *beckons;* or repels, as in Cut 3.

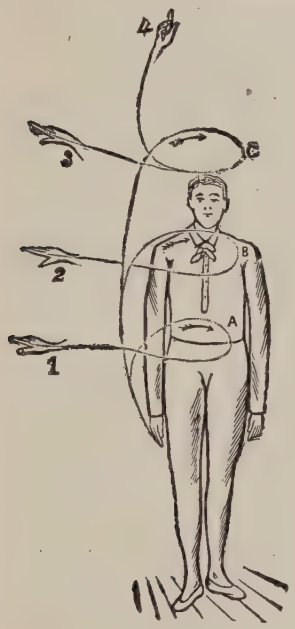
The hands have great power of expression. In general, a gentleman should allow the hands at his sides, when not using them for action. For a lady, the better position is with hands in front of waist, lightly clasped, or one hand in the other. This is

one of the requirements of fashion, custom and habit. Ladies do not carry their arms at their sides on the street or in drawing rooms. If when they are before the audience they do so, they are ill at ease, because they are doing an unaccustomed thing. Besides this, it gives a lady the appearance of being "round-shouldered," and having a set of arms abnormally long. If, however, her work be of a tragic character, calling for great power, she will not wish to attempt it with folded hands. The hands are clasped in sympathy; they are parted in dislike or indifference. They are clenched for energy and determination. They are wrung in sorrow, and wander about aimlessly in insanity or any mental distraction.

The thumb refers to objects already known or mentioned; the index finger points out new objects, or demonstrates; the second finger is sensitive—sympathetic; the third finger keeps close to the second and is like it in expression; the little finger refers to things small or delicate. When the hand is extended the fingers should be well open. The thumb should open well, as it is the sign of weakness when it is turned toward the middle of the hand.

THE LINE OF MOVEMENT.

The hand or arm or body should follow curved lines of movement for gesture. The circle, parts of the circle, the compound curves, are the lines used if the thought and emotion be fine and beautiful. Straight lines are used with sudden emotion or confusion of ideas. *The more beautiful the thought or emotion, the more beautiful the movement for gesture.*



In the Cut, the arm makes the loopline in movement of gesture. This can be made from any point of the body or with either or both hands. Also, all movements of circles and compound curves, such as given in the gesture-gymnastic practice may be followed. The arm may describe figures of almost every sort in its movement for gesture. It may form a circle, an ellipse, a spiral movement, even triangles or squares.

SCALES OF INTENSITY.

The hand changes its position with the *meaning* or *intensity* of the thought or emotion.

First. As I grow more emphatic, as the idea is more important, the hand ascends until if the meaning be very intense, the hand goes to its highest limit.

Thus, I may make any assertion and upon repetition, as the meaning is intensified, my hand will rise higher, and my strongest gesture is with the arm fully extended upward.

Second. As I direct attention from me, the hands go outward, and the more intense the interest, the

farther my hands go from me. Also, when my hands come to the body, or rest upon the body, they take position corresponding to the intensity of the thought or emotion. Thus, I may think with my hands at my sides; if more interested, they may go to the chest; if still more intense, to the chin; if still more to the head.

So, in excitement or effort of the will, the body grows firmer with intensity, and relaxes with pathos. Thus we have a scale of energy of body for intensity of meaning.

Stammering and Stuttering.

These Defects of Speech present many peculiarities. They are most distressing to the persons thus afflicted, as well as to all who attempt conversation with them. The defect is both mental and physical. It is sometimes hereditary, sometimes acquired by thoughtless imitation, sometimes the result of sickness. It usually affects the health of the person somewhat, but more certainly, it affects his mind, frequently resulting in insanity.

Some peculiar traits of the stammerer are:

1. He can usually sing.
2. He can shout or call to a distance.
3. If excited he speaks with difficulty, but if *very angry*, he can speak.
4. He can speak with some one else, as in "concert."
5. He can speak, read, or talk, when alone.
6. He can talk if very sick or in great pain.
7. He is easily put out of breath.
8. Usually stoop-shouldered.
9. If he runs, he has pain in left side.
10. He is worse when unwell.
11. He is of nervous temperament.
12. He displays some peculiar mental traits.

Still others could be mentioned. As to "cures," they are legion. We may mention briefly a few:

1. Keeping time to speech.
2. Speaking with mouth full of pebbles.
3. Speaking with spring of steel between jaws.
4. Speaking with pebble under the tongue.
5. Splitting the tongue.
6. Piercing the tongue or burning it.
7. Speaking with teeth closed.
8. Pressing muscles of throat as if choking.
9. Practice of articulation of sounds.
10. Scolding and threats of violence.

These and still others have been tried and all have been "successful." But still a few wretches stammer. In fact, each one of these expedients has in some cases proven successful, but no one will benefit many cases. I now submit a system that embraces the merits of several of those mentioned and will remedy many of the defective traits of the stammerer.

But, first, let me say, he must have patience, energy and perseverance. He must follow the exercises as laid down and develop and train the muscles as I direct. He must train both mind and body.

PRACTICE.

1. He must acquire use of the waist muscles as directed at opening of this book. These muscles must have daily practice of one hour, at least.

2. Let him stand firm, keep the waist firm, clench the hands, close the jaws firmly as if trying to crush something between the teeth. Now, open the jaw slightly and pronounce a, e, i, o, u, and after each sound close the jaw very determinedly as if crushing the sound. This will train the *will* as well as the muscles. Practice several minutes and keep the waist firm. The waist should move *firmly outward* at each sound. He must do this exercise with all the body. This he must practice daily.

3. He must make the sounds as if lifting a heavy weight. Each sound should come in a laboured way,

much like a *groan*. The practice should be so vigorous that fifteen minutes will induce great fatigue. When tired, he must rest and then practice again.

4. Take a sentence: *I—shall—bring—this—book.* Repeat this, crushing each word between the teeth, as in practice of vowels. Keep waist very firm, and compel muscles at waist to *oppose those of the jaw.* Repeat this sentence often. Take other sentences, the examples for emphasis will do. But do not give two words without closing the jaw between. Practice all of these exercises daily for four or six weeks, longer still if necessary. Then you may pronounce a phrase, or long words, closing the jaw firmly between phrases. If difficult, make the pressure of muscles stronger. Let each phrase be given as if *straining*. Do not utter any sentences carelessly. Even those that are easy for you should have this firm utterance, for if you relax the muscles, they will soon give you trouble. The final result of this practice on the voice will be to render it full and strong, and not unnatural.

Practice in this way sentences of conversation that are difficult. Ask some friend or teacher to hear you practice. Talk with people with this firmness. Keep determined, patient and hopeful and you will soon see vast improvement. You will probably need practice for several months or a year in all.

Ventriloquism.

This mysterious Art may be acquired by any one who has patience and a good ear. The tones are made mainly by use of the waist muscles, hence the name ventriloquism, which means speaking from the abdomen. Here let us observe, that no one really "throws his voice." He imitates a sound made at a certain point. And, yet, it hardly seems to the performer as an imitation. It must appear to him as if the sound were actually made at the point indicated.

He must in a great measure deceive himself as well as his audience. Suppose some one outside my door asks,—"Who's there?" These sounds must pass through the door before they can be heard. They will be somewhat obscured and muffled, and the consonants will mainly be lost. Now, if you wish to imitate this voice, I *hold back*, *muffle* or *obscure* my words. Well, as I do not need the consonants, I need not use my lips, so closing the teeth well and raising the tongue, my voice will give the imitation very easily. If the voice is to come from above, I use a slightly higher pitch; if from below, a lower pitch. This will, I trust, explain the theory of the art. I now give exercises for forming the best ventriloquial tones. When properly made, these tones do not weary, or irritate the vocal organs. The tone used is the Orotund and I know no better vocal practice for developing some qualities of voice than this.

EXERCISES.

1. Get full control of waist muscles as directed at opening of this book.

2. Holding waist firm, teeth almost closed, repeat firmly a, e, i, o, u, as if groaning, making the sound deep in the throat and prolong it, but do not move the jaw or lips. Practice frequently, a few minutes at a time.

3. Make these sounds as if straining to speak. Make them very low, so as to compel you to listen for them. Practice them while walking about the room, until you can give them in an easy, careless manner. Do this, that a stranger in your room at the time would not see your lips move or know by your face that you were making sounds.

4. Shout "Holloa!" firmly and then listening as if for an echo at a distance, repeat with firm restraint of tone "Holloa!" making it very light. Practice this while walking your room as in last exercise.

5. Try a short sentence in like manner.

6. Go to the door and ask firmly and abruptly: "Any one out there?" Then, reply in a restrained voice, "*Yes, I am.*"

Try like sentence to different points. Listen for the answer yourself and try to think it comes from the point indicated.

In speaking, keep your side to the audience at first. Having made one sentence correctly, the rest is easy. Prepare conversations with these imaginary persons, being careful to make all ventriloquial answers brief. Do not try to articulate the consonants distinctly. Do not move the lips.

If you talk to a figure or use a tone as if the door were opened when some one was outside, make the sound as if in the cheek instead of in the throat. The nearer the person is to you, the nearer the tips of your teeth the sound should be brought

SOUND IMITATIONS.

These require careful practice.

1. *The Saw.* Place the tongue well back against the roof of the mouth and holding it firmly there, force the breath past it toward the teeth. Vary the sound with the movement of the hand in sawing.

The Plane. Much the same, only the tongue is held nearer the teeth.

The Bees. The air is held compressed in the cheek and forced through the lips at either corner of the mouth or at the front teeth.

The Glass of Soda. The tip of the tongue is near the teeth and the air is forced past it. This is very easy.

The Dog and Cat. All sounds of cries of animals must be given in the restrained tones of the first exercises of ventriloquism.

All these demand careful practice, but with patience they may all be mastered. In my own case, I practiced many days for the first imitation, but all others were easy. The first part is the difficult part.

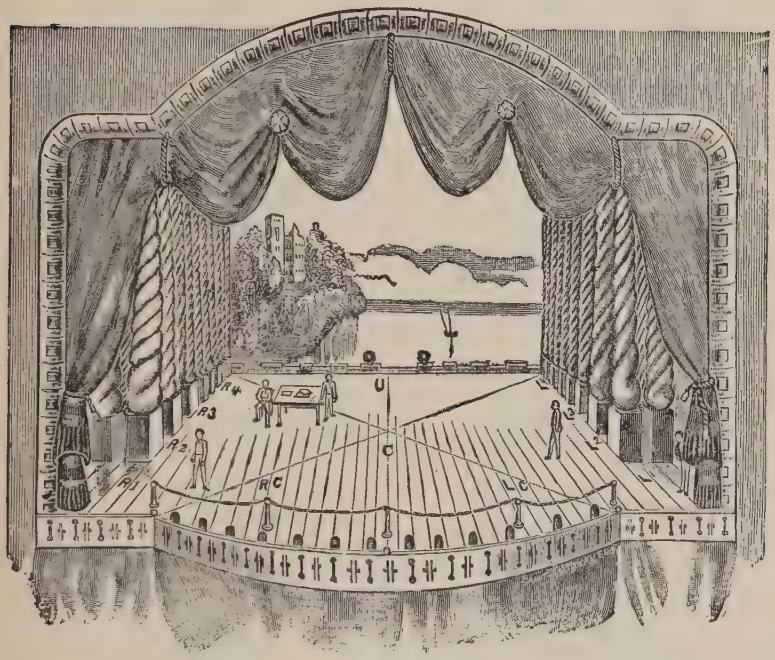


PLATE 1.

CUT 50.

Stage, Side Entrances and Directions.

C, Center; L C., Left Center; R. C., Right Center. L1, L2, L3, L4, Left Entrances; R1, R2, R3, R4, Right Entrances; U, Up Stage.

PLATE 2.

POSITIONS OF BODY.

Cut 1.
Weight forward.
Curve and Poise of Body.

Cut 2.
Position of Feet and Hands.
Movement with both Hands.

Cut 3.
Action of Diaphragm.
Weight forward. Position for
Practice for Tone

Cut 4.
KNEELING.—Position with Face
to Audience.
Position of Hands.

PLATE 3.

POSITIONS OF BODY.

CUT 13.

Reading, Position of Repose, Weight on Right Leg. Left Relaxed.

CUT 14.

Position of Hands and Feet, Right Hand and Foot advanced. Gesture of Negation.

CUT 15.

Extension of Arm and Body. Longest Lines of Movement.

CUT 16.

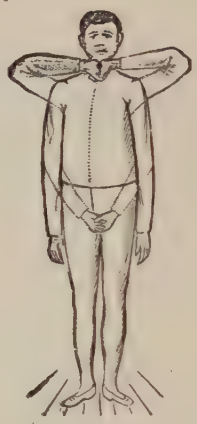
Objective and Subjective Action. Hand and Foot in same direction.

PLATE 4.

MOVEMENT.

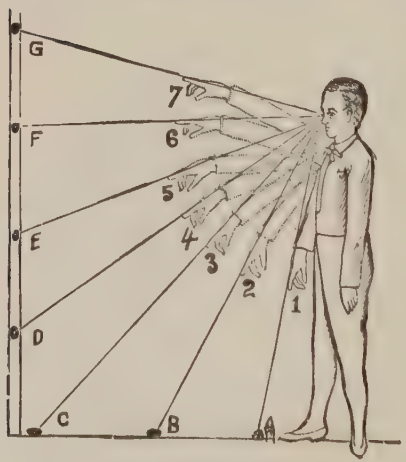
CUT 17.

1, Knee bent. 2, Short Step. 3, Long Step. Step may be in any direction. Hands correspond to feet.



CUT 18.

Hands together denote Sympathy. From lowest point of meeting to neck forms Scale of intensity of feeling.



Cut 19.

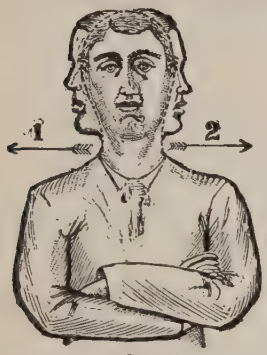
Pointing. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are points of attention. The hand raised to line of sight. The entire hand points. The wrist is on a level of forefinger.

Cut 20

Movement of head. A, Center of Head when moved forward; C, Center of Head when moved back. The line of Face Perpendicular.

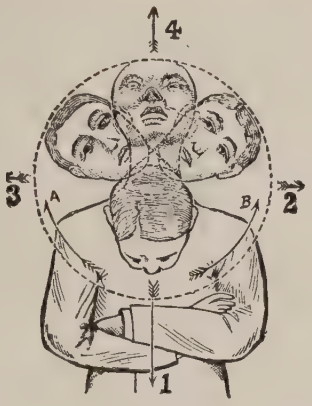
PLATE 5.

HEAD MOVEMENT.



CUT 21.

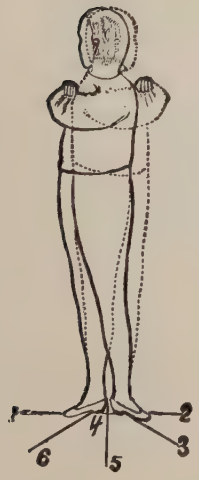
To turn head to right and left-keeping Shoulders firm—Arms folded, Practice with counts "One" and "Two."



CUT 22.

1st. Head drop forward to 1; raise and throw back to 4. 2d. Head drop right to 3; Raise and drop left to 2. 3d. Head drop forward and rotate in direction of Arrow A. 4th Head rotate in direction of Arrow B.

BODY MOVEMENT.



CUT 23.

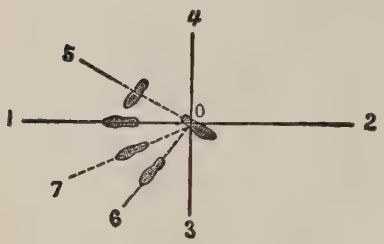
To turn Body and Head. Face line 4-5 and turn to right, and bring left Shoulder and back of head toward 5. Same movement to left.

CUT 24.

To extend Body; to contract and relax the muscles. Rise on toes and extend arms fully.

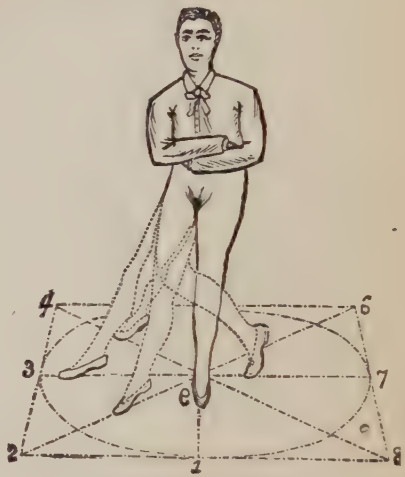
PLATE 6.

MOVEMENT BELOW THE WAIST.



CUT 25.

Left foot at O; Right on line;
Meeting at O.



CUT 26.—Position of Feet.
Each Foot may have Nine Distinct positions.

CUT 27.

Foot Circle. Balance Exercise
Practice for Ankle, Knee and Thigh.

CUT 28.

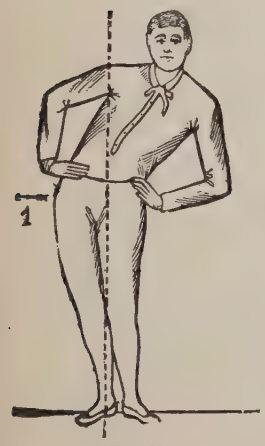
Foot Compound Curve.
Practice for the Body.

PLATE 7.

MOVEMENT FROM THE WAIST.

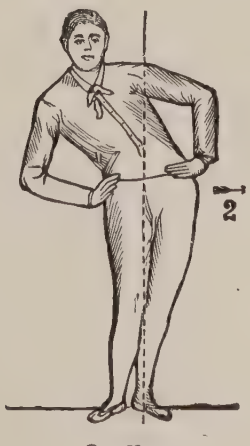
CUT 29.
Leg Exercise.
Practice for Ankle, Knee, Thigh, and Poise of Body.

CUT 30.
Leg Exercise
Practice for Poise of body.



CUT 31.

CUT 32.

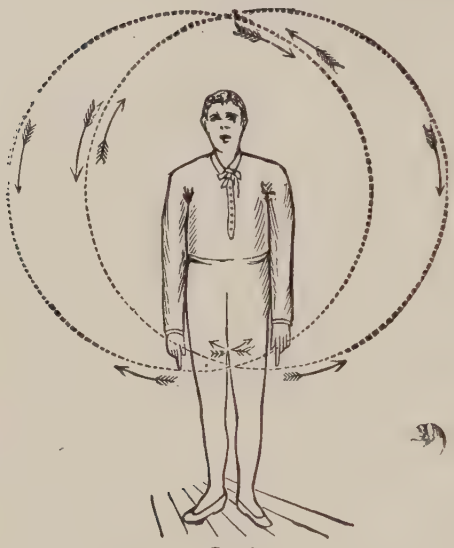


CUT 33.

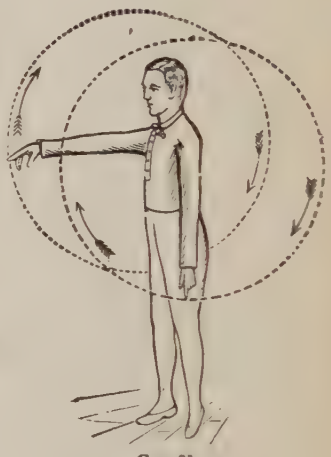
Wrist Practice: Body Movement Exercises, for Diaphragm and Waist Muscles.

PLATE 8.

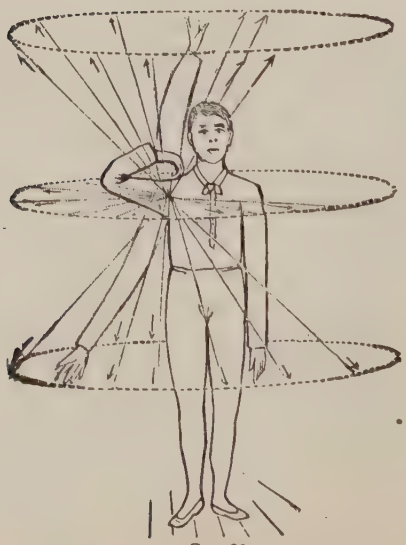
ARM MOVEMENT.



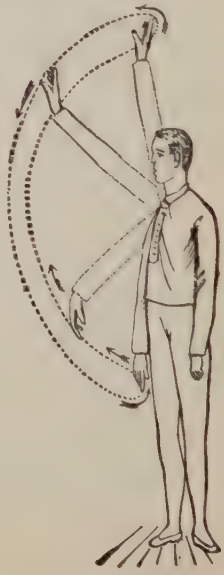
CUT 34.
Full Arm Circle. Right and Left.



CUT 35.
Full Arm Circle.
Forward and Backward.



CUT 36.
Arm Exercise Downward, Horizontal, and Upward.

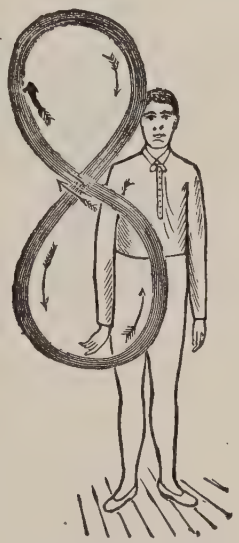


CUT 37.
To raise the Arm and Hand; to Complete the Movement; to Recover.

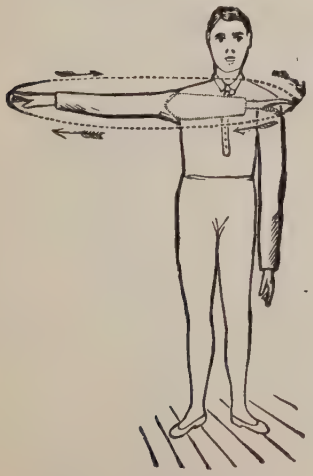
PLATE 9.

ARM, WRIST AND HAND MOVEMENT.

CUT 38.
Compound Curve Exercise for Graceful Movement of Arm.



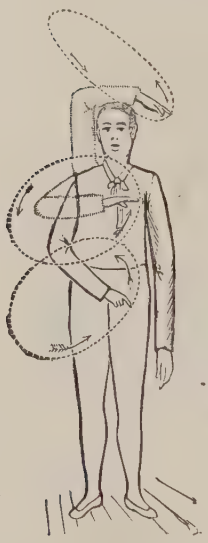
CUT 39.
Compound Curve and Gesture Movement.



CUT 40.—Horizontal Movement Sweep of Hand and Arm.

CUT 41.—Compound Curve. Horizontal, for Hand and Arm.

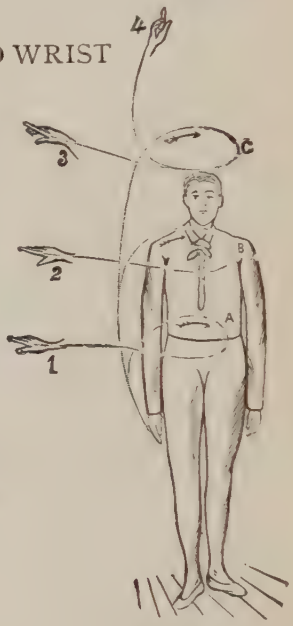
Plate 10.
ELBOW, FOREARM AND WRIST



Cut 42.

Cut 42.
Elbow Circles.
Practice for Forearm, Wrist, and Hand.

Cut 43.
Loop Movement for Arm and Hand.
Gesture Practice.



Cut 43

Cut 44.

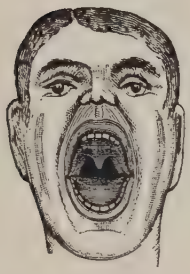
Cut 44.
Wrist Movement.
Perpendicular.

Cut 45.
Wrist Movement.
Horizontal.

Cut 45

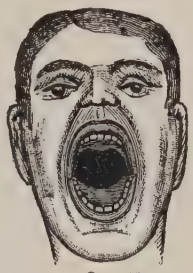
PLATE 11.

TONE FORMATION.



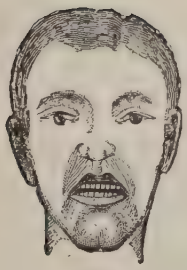
CUT 11.

Closed Throat, Veil of Palate lowered; base of tongue raised.



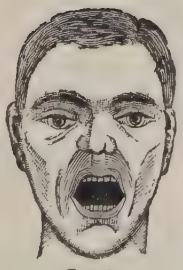
CUT 12.

Open Throat, Veil of Palate raised; Base of Tongue drawn down and curved.



CUT 5.

Position of Teeth and Lips. For Tone and Articulation.



CUT 6.

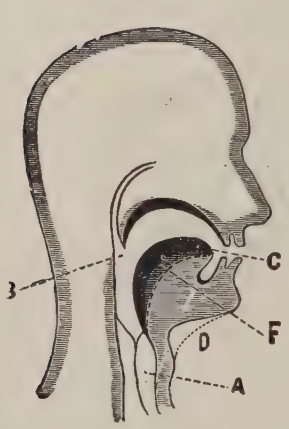
Position of Teeth and Lips for clearness of Tone and Articulation.

CUT 7.

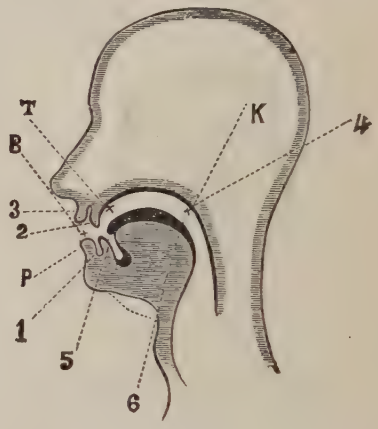
Lips rounded for Organ tone; smoothness and fullness of Orotund.

PLATE 12.

ARTICULATION.



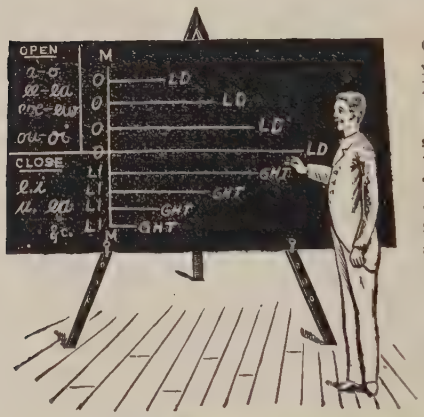
CUT 10



CUT 8.

Cut 10—Tone Direction and Control. A, Larynx; B, Pharynx; D, Line of Throat, with Base of Tongue lowered.

CUT 8—Articulation of Consonants. 1. Lower teeth; 2, Upper teeth; 3, Upper lip; 5, Tip of tongue; 6, Base of tongue; 4, Roof of mouth. P and B formed at lips. T, Tip of Tongue and base of upper teeth; K, Base of tongue and back palate

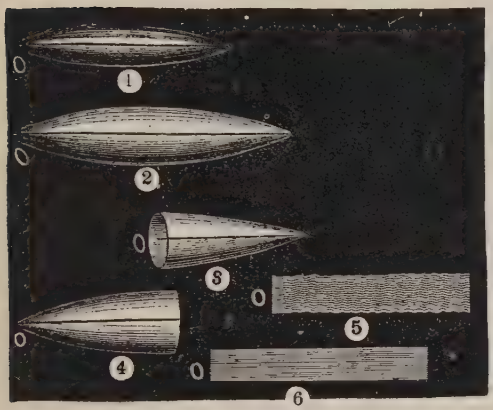


CUT 40.—Experiment of Sounds. Open and Close Vowel Sounds.

CUT 47.—Prolonging Sounds. Voice Movement.

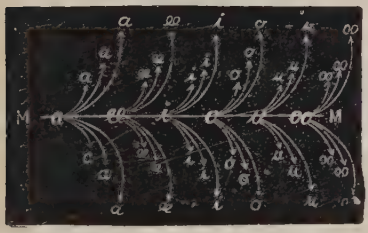
PLATE 13.

VOICE MOVEMENT.



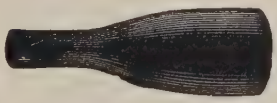
CUT 48.—Swell and Stress of Voice; 1 and 2, Middle swell; 3, Abrupt Open, 4, Abrupt Close; 5, Tremor Prolongation; 6, Smooth Prolongation of Tone.

CUT 48.

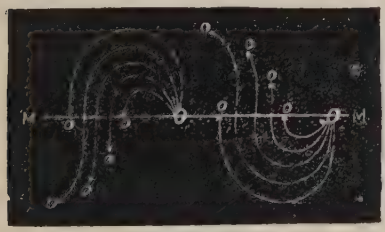


CUT 49.—Inflection of Voice, Rising and Falling Tones Question and affirmation.

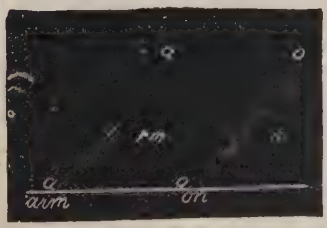
CUT 51.—Blending of Consonants and Vocals. Piteh of Consonants.



CUT 51.—Opening of Tone.



CUT 54.—Circumflex Tones. Prolonged Rising and Falling Tones.



CUT 54.—Emphatic Rising Voice.

PLATE 14.

MOVEMENT OF EYES.

CUT 55.
Fully Open.

CUT 56.
Turned Upward.

CUT 57.
Half **Closed.**

CUT 58.
Turned to Right.

CUT 59.
Eye Exercise.
Turn to right, to left; raise and lower.

CUT 60.
Turned to Left.

PLATE 15.

EYE AND BROW.

CUT 61.
Separating.

CUT 62.
Downward.

CUT 63.
Closing Together.

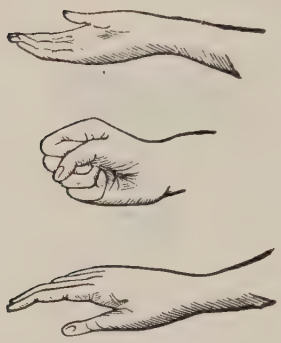
CUT 64.
Eyebrows fully Raised.

CUT 65.
Brows Drawn Firmly Downward.

CUT 66.
Eyebrows Contracted.

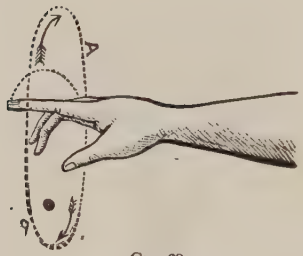
PLATE 16

HAND AND WRIST.



CUT 67.
Hand Positions.

CUT 68.
Wrist Exercise
Side Movements



CUT 69.
Wrist Exercise,
Circle Movement.

CUT 71.
Hand Exercise.

CUT 70.
Hand and Wrist Exercise
Grasping Movement

Book II

Successful Selections.

"Recitation, sufficiently varied so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress. The drama appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakespere, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage."—Channing.

"A good reader summons the mighty dead from their tombs and makes them speak to us."—Emerson.

PREFACE.

The selections of this book have been chosen for their special fitness for public use, as well as general practice. They have all been proven "successful" by performers of excellent reputation. They cover a wide range of work, and I feel assured that each student will find here something to suit. There are many books of selections, but few of these books furnish more than two or three pieces that are in favor with a general audience. Then, again, not many of such books afford good material for practice and development in different lines of work. We have here a collection affording widest range. The pathetic, humorous, serious, lively, dramatic, didactic, character, sketch, dialects, imitative,—in short, almost every variety of work for public entertainment.

With the hope that the selections may prove truly "successful" in the hands of students, they are respectfully submitted.

BYRON W. KING.

THE CLOVER MEADOW.

BYRON W. KING.

'Tis only a little story
Of a little love and tears,
That my memory has treasured
From out the whirling years;
Two children down in the meadow,
When the light of day has flown,
Tossing about the win-rows
Of clover hay new-mown;
A boy, with face of laughter
And many a golden curl,
And the comrade of his romping
A gleeful, blue-eyed girl;
Alone in the great, wide meadow,
Alone in the twilight's glow,
And the boy's voice keeps repeating
In tones so clear and low:

"I have a love that loves me,
She loves me well I know;
And hand in hand together
Thro' the great world we will go!"

And while the strains of music
Yet linger on his lips,
From out the arching heavens
Falls the deep night's black eclipse.

Ten years have passed forever
From out the lives of men,
And under the falling twilight
There linger two forms again.
A manly youth and a maiden
Are standing rapt and still
While the sunset's golden glory
Is folding the meadow and hill;
And he is so tall and handsome,
So manly and so true!
And she regards him fondly
With eyes that are deep and blue.
Two lovers are planning the future
With hearts that are brave and strong!
And I hear with silent rapture
The words of that sweet old song:

"I have a love that loves me,
She loves me well I know;
And hand in hand together
Thro' the great world we will go.

The years, like a dream, have vanished,
And standing alone to-night,
As I think of the clover meadow,
A something dims my sight!
I wait by the cold, white sepulcher
And recall the tears I shed,
And lo! the portals open,
And they rise, my holy dead!
I can hear the call for battle,
For hero hearts and brave,
When a Nation calls her children
To succor and to save!

I can hear the battle music,
The roll of the stirring drum,
The tramp of the gathered millions
As the marshaled armies come.
And, now, as the night grows deeper,
And the midnight shadows fall,
They bring me a heavy burden
That is shrouded with heavy pall;
And my boy of the clover meadow,
My lover of after years,
Lies silent and cold before me
And heeds not my bursting tears!
And I can only murmur
Thro' tears that blinding flow,
The song of the clover meadow,
Of that sweet old long ago:

"I have a love that loves me,
She loves me well I know;
And hand in hand together
Thro' the great world we will go!"

The years still flow in silence
And bear me on their breast
And I stand in Life's evening shadows
While its sunset gilds the west;
I wait in the solemn glory
That crowns Life's western dome,
And out of the falling twilight
I hear the whisper, "come!"
And while I sadly linger
My eyes grow moist and dim,
And my soul goes forth in answer
To the words that fall from *him*;

And while Life's latest glories
  Are fading soft and slow,
I hear again the echoes,
  The echoes sweet and low:

"I have a love that loves me,
  She loves me well I know;
And hand in hand together
  Thro' the great world we will go!"

BOYS IN BLUE.

INGERSOLL.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring, with brave words, spoken in old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part; we see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—

standing in the sunlight, sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever!

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory—to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their sides on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravine running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by the balls and torn with shells in the trenches by the forts, and in the whirlwind of a charge, when men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the stroke of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babies sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls

in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women, and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes, and firesides, and school houses, and books, and where all was want, and crime, and cruelty, and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless; under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine and of storm; each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battles, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

BURNED OUT.

BY CARRIE HEA.

Yes, parson, it's all gone—my little home there,
And things I've worked for years and years together;
Burned to the ground last night—and now I'm left here
Without a shelter in this cold March weather.

But, as you say, I've friends who'll take me in,
'Till I can build another roof above me—
It's tough to call *that* "home" instead of this,
Where long I've lived with those who used to love me.

"Be thankful that my life was spared?" I am, sir;
You say, "Don't take it quite so hard, my friend."
Some things burned up beside my house, for which, sir,
I grieve with sorrow that will never end.

Why, yes, I *was* insured—but that's no matter.
I soon could earn enough to build again,
But then, those other things that I just spoke of—
I'll tell you, parson, it will ease the pain.

I had a little, faded, yellow letter;
A mother wrote it to her absent son;
You see the son before you—but the mother
Died years ago—and, oh! *that letter's gone!*

Parson, you know my wife—the best, best wife, sir—
You came that night she died, a year ago.
When my time comes, if I'm one-half as ready,
The Lord will take me straight to heaven, I know.

I had her picture hung above my table—
Just think of it; it nearly drives me mad!
It chokes me; but I'll try to tell you, parson—
Her picture's burned—the only one I had!

And then, I lost my boy—I had a ringlet—
I cut it from his head the night he died;
And when I thought about that curl that morning,
You cannot wonder, can you, that *I cried?*

And then my little girl, my one last treasure;
Her voice was like a little silver bell.
And her blue eyes—such eyes! but there, I know sir,
There's no one could describe my little Nell.

I kept her little shoes upon my shelf, sir,
  Where I could see them every dreary day;
They always made me think of those sweet verses,
  "Those little feet can never go astray."

Do "*all* things work together for our good," sir?
  I tell you I can't make it seem just right;
Ned's curl, Nell's shoes, wife's picture, mother's letter,
  All burned to ashes in the fire last night.

I knew that you would listen to my story—
  I felt 'twould do me good to talk it over.
You see, the worst that the fire can burn, sir,
  Are things insurance policies don't cover.

———

IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I saw wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and I went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering

our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents: and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife, to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

A TRAVELER'S EVENING SONG.

MRS. HEMANS.

FATHER! Guide me, day declines;
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;

Hushed is now the convent bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell,
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset shore.
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-waves distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the echoing dust around.
Father! through the storm and shade,
O'er the wild,
Oh! be thou the lone one's aid.
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homeward through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam passed
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
Where the wakening night winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward all things haste—
God of night!
Shield the homeless; midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;

Beautiful his slumber seems,
With a glow of heavenly dreams;
Beautiful o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where a mother bends to pray
For the loved one far away.
Father! guard that household bower,—
Hear that prayer!
Back through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night;
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose ne'er slumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,—
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave,—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save! oh, save!

HOURS OF NIGHT.

BYRON W. KING.

O heavenly night! When far and deep
The earth is wrapped in balmy sleep,
And stars their burning watches keep
O'er palace proud and lowly cot;
When all the weary hearts of men
Breathe in the strength of life again
And all the throes of racking pain,
And toil and labor are forgot.

O hours of night! How softly fall
Your mantling shadows, folding all,
And covering deep from our recall
The memories of life's cruel past!
When haunting voices from the day
Grow fainter, fainter, far away!
And that pure Peace for which we pray
Bindeth the trembling spirit fast.

And standing with her wings out-spread
Above the lowly sleeper's bed,
She poureth balm on heart and head
And heals the wasting form with sleep.
When all the soul's wild haunting fears,
And all the burdens from the years
That crowd our hearts and move our tears
Are lost in soothing silence deep.

O rest and rapture of the soul!
When all the griefs our days control,
Like shadows, black and heavy, roll
Into oblivion's voiceless sea!
To be from all the heart has known,
From all a bitter world has shown
Of anguish upon anguish thrown,
At last! at last entirely free!

He knows not life, who has not found
Beneath its hours of night profound
Some soothing balm for every wound
Relentless Care has wrought;
Who has not come from tears and pain
With purer heart and wiser brain,
And girt himself for toil again
Of holier deeds and higher thought.

And when shall fall that solemn Sleep,
That foldeth, foldeth, dark and deep!
Earth's night of night, whereat we weep,
  In dust and ashes kneeling low;
Be welcome shadows, as they fall!
Be welcome Peace, that 'waiteth all,
And folds each in her sable pall,
  And drops a veil on earth and woe!

Close then the eyes, and o'er the breast
Fold the dumb hands ye oft have pressed,
And calmly whisper, "Let him rest
  In sleep that cometh from his God!
For all his weary work is done,
And all the toilsome race is run,
From rising unto setting sun
  Life's rugged journey he has trod!"

THE ORCHARD TREE.

BYRON W. KING.

From under the spreading branches
  Of a brave old orchard tree
Rang out the merry voices
  Of childish mirth and glee!
Four cheeks that were red and dimpled,
  'Neath ringlets of golden hair,
Four eyes that were flashing sunshine,
  Four lips that were laughing at care!
In the golden glow of autumn
  The sun sank to his rest,
And cloud-built castle and turret
  Loomed high in the silver west;
And while the Day still lingered

Ere he closed the pillared gate,
Together they played in the twilight,
Two cousins, wee Jennie and Kate.
They were playing they were "big folk,"
And gravely, with look and tone,
Each was telling a fancied story
Of the trials she called her own.
Till Kate, with a merry twinkle,
Called her cousin "grand-mother Jane;"
And a peal of merriest laughter,
Rang forth again and again.
They laughed till the evening shadows,
Fell darkly on orchard and hill,
And they found themselves in the darkness
Silent and breathless and still.
And the light and the day and the children,
From the orchard all had gone,
And under the silent starlight
Stood the old tree, dark and lone.

The years fled silently, swiftly,
And soon the cousins small
Were classed among the lassies,
Blushing, blithe and tall.
Kate's home was the home of her childhood,
But Jennie's was far away,
And down to the waving orchard,
There came a letter one day:—
"Dear, gentle, kind old cousin Kate,
Come up and see me,"—thus it ran—
"So much to tell, I can never wait,
Come up and see me, soon as you can!
I've a home that's good, a house that's fine,
And friends and flowers, books and trees,
All I could wish for, I call mine,

And then, in addition to all of these,
Dear Kate, I've a Lover, he's better than gold!
He's tall and handsome and good and true—
Beats the story-books a hundred-fold!
And so I love him, now would'nt you?
And so we've decided, "for better or worse,"
The wedding day is the tenth of June,
Just six weeks off—you'll come, of course;
Write a long letter, write it soon."

From the little house by the orchard
Kate sent a letter next day,
And told her all her secrets
In her sweet familiar way:—
"Dear Jenn, how I'd like to see your face!
I've questions and questions without end.
If you could visit the dear old place,
You'd find more news than I can send!
For I've a Lover that's all my own,
He's handsome too, and good and kind;
Count the world over, one by one,
Truer or better you'll never find!
He's all unknown to rank or fame,
And you know I'll make but a modest wife;
He has not much wealth, but all the same,
I know we'll be happy, so "here's long life!"
God bless us all! May we often hear
Of sunshine over our pathways shed!
Come visit me, Jenn, in the spot so dear
Where the sweet, bright hours of childhood fled."

But years and years departed
After the bright wedding days,
And the cousins still journeyed onward,
Still going in different ways;

Till one day another letter
Came to Kate from the hand of Jenn,
Bringing love and tears and sunshine
With each stroke of the earnest pen.

"Dear Kate:—
How I've longed to see you,
Through all of these happy years!
When I think of our girlish pleasures
My eyes grow moist with tears.
I wish you could see my home, Kate,
Myself and my family,
Three girls and two strapping boys, Kate,
As merry as merry can be!
Do come and pay us a visit,
We'll talk our lives over again;
I send heaps of love and blessing.
Your Motherly Cousin,
Jenn."

And the letter from Kate was a model
Of wifely, motherly pride,
Telling line by line of her sunshine,
With the shadows all put aside.

"Dear Jenn:—
I've so much to tell you,
I'm the happiest woman on earth!
My home is a palace of sunshine,
Just ringing with laughter and mirth!
My boys are wonderful fellows,
And my girls, of course, they're the best!
Come and see me, come right early,
And I'll tell you all of the rest.

But they busied with household duties,
While the years fled sure and fast,
Till a score of snowy winters
Their shadows o'er them cast.
One evening, under the branches,
Where they played so long ago,
Kate sat in the gathering twilight
And was singing soft and low,
When up through the leafy orchard
Came a figure aged and bent,
With a face all calm and peaceful
Lit up by a sweet content;
Beneath the mingling shadows
Up to Kate she softly crept,
And printing a kiss on her forehead
She fell in her arms and wept.
And the two who in Life's morning
Had mingled their joys and tears,
Now told life's solemn story,
In the twilight of their years.

"And now, Kate, where is your Lover
So handsome, fine and tall?
And where are the boys and girls, Kate?
Let me see them, one and all."

Said Kate, while a tear-drop glistened:—
"My Lover and husband is dead,
And the nestlings of my home, Jenn,
Are all full-grown and fled.
And yours have likewise left you,
And it seems that our work is done,
We are more alone in the world now
Than when our work was begun!"

Then out of the sunset's ocean
A flood of glory rolled,
And the two as in happy childhood
Were wrapped in its crimson fold.
And over their faded features
Came a look of peace sublime,
And hand in hand the cousins
Were ending the journey of time.
Each head dropped lower and lower
Till it touched the motionless breast,
And in love that was deep and infinite
The travel worn hearts found rest,
And the evening light more holy
More softly o'er them fell,
Like the close of a benediction
That the angel chorus swell;
And lo, the day had faded,
And the stars came one by one,
And under the silent heavens
Stood the old tree, dark and lone!

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world,—
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they're linked in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God.
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won,
Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto "Many in One."

'Mid the smoke of the conflict, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown!
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
Where the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopped not to number their foe.

From where our green mountain-tops blend with the sky,
And the giant Saint Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care,
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one, while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above,
And tyrants shall quail, 'mid the dungeons afar
When they gaze on that motto of love.

It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm,
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck,—
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread,
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall wave over his head;
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time
Its millions of cycles has run,—
Till the world shall have welcomed their misson sublime
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide.
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Oh! then, let them glow on each helmet and brand,
Though our blood like our rivers should run,
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are ONE.

Then, up with our flag!—let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
And their sons are not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner!—where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

T. B. REED.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan—twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to foemen the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;

Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw was the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan a'l the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame—
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

While we bring our offerings to the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose; but forget those not who with your bold went out to battle.

Among these men of noble daring, there was one, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people he came to succor were not his people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoils of the vanished; the palace acknowedged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these he turned away. Life a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of Independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow

stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this one joined the ranks of a revolted people.

Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior with his adored Commander knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose and crowned with benedictions turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that one has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places

where his brethren moulder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER; his words are tears; the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks around upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that father lived; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drunk his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless Chief! of glory's immortal tablets there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

THE LAMENT OF ALPIN.

OSSIAN.

My tears, O Ryno, are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert;

terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was as a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before. Four stones with their heads of moss are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar, thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who shakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar, weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall we hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lighted with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of fallen Morar!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient time-piece makes reply,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time, shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

THE LEPER.

N. P. WILLIS.

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in the loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

"And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain;
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

"And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod;—
Depart, O leper! and forget not God."

And he went forth alone. Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart.
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,—
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For God had cursed the leper.

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying he might be so blest,—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.

Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a lofty lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear; yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God

Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved; and stooping down
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, he said, "Be clean!"
And low! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.

BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD LUCRETIA.

J. H. PAYNE.

Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore. Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue.
Fairer than ever was a form create
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire.
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her. The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,

Amid the darnel, hemlock, the base weeds,
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How, from the shade of those ill-neighboring plants,
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was lighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
Bloomed in unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine,
And turned desire to reverential love,
And holiest affection. O my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task,—all ran,
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies!
That beauteous flower, that innocent, sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence,—gone! gone! gone!
Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother,—
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse—'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the Gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The Gods themselves shall justify the cry,
And swell the general shout, Revenge! Revenge!
And we will be revenged, my countrymen!

Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.
Brutus your king? No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition is this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one,
By all the Gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.
Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And, in that blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul among the stars. On! Brutus leads you;
On to the Forum! the fool shall set you free.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun.—

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
  The hill side for his pall:
To lie in state while angels wait,
  With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in the grave?—

In that deep grave, without a name,
  Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—Oh wondrous thought!—
  Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
  With the incarnate Son of God!

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
  O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
  Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
  Of him he loved so well.

THE OCTOROON.

[The first part of this selection I found in an old volume of poems, by Carleton—not the well-known Mr. Will Carleton—the latter part is my own composition. I have also taken the liberty to change the first part somewhat.—B. W. KING.]

In the palmy days of slavery,
A score of years ago,
A pretty, dark-skinned Octoroon
Was singing soft and low
A song to please her baby
As in her arms it lay,
A dainty, dimpled, fair-haired boy—
A twelve-month old that day.

Strange home for child or mother!
For her quick ear often heard,
'Mid the clink of dice and glasses,
Many a loud and angry word.
For her Philip was a gambler;
But she never dreamed or thought
Of any shame or sorrow
For the wrongs he might have wrought.

"He plays 'seven-up' 'till midnight,"
She often laughing told,
"And then, like other gentlemen,
Comes home and counts his gold."

So she was always happy,
Singing French songs, sweet and wild,
With a voice as full of music
As the laughter of a child.
But, one midnight, she was waiting
For his footstep on the stair,
Came a sound of measured meaning
Throbbing on the silent air!

Came a sound of troubled voices,
  Filling all her soul with dread—
Comrades, bearing up a burden,
  Cold and lifeless! Phil was dead!
Like a sudden blow, it smote her
  With a desolate sense of grief,
But no faintness came to shield her,
  And no tears to bring relief.

Oh, to escape the heart-ache,
  And the dumb, bewildering pain,
How gladly would she fall asleep
  And never wake again!
Yet, she watched with heart near breaking
  As they bore his form away;
Then she listened to the prosing
  Of two lawyers, old and gray.

As they talked of debts of honor,
  Of the house, and horses fine,
Of plate, perhaps, and jewels;
  Of furniture and wine;
Then! Ah! then, what was the meaning
  Of the words they muttered o'er?
As they said: "The wench and baby
  Ought to bring a thousand more!"

Quickened ear and comprehension
  Caught each careless tone and word;
Knew too well the tricks of trade
  To doubt the fearful truth she heard.
But when they so roughly told her:
  "There will be a sale to-morrow!"
He voice broke forth in piteous wail
  Of bitterness and sorrow:—

"Oh, I know Phil never meant
For me and baby to be sold!
Why, I'se been his little woman
Since I'se only twelve years old!
He won me from the Captain,
Playing "seven-up" one night,
And he's told me more'n a thousand times
He's sure to make it right.

"The Captain was my father,
Captain Winslow, of Bellair,
And you can't sell me and baby—
O you can't! You never dare!"
And those men, so used to suffering,
And callous as they were,
Looked in each other's faces
And paused to pity her.

But "many a case was just as bad,
And some perhaps were worse;
They could do nothing, anyhow,
The law must take its course."
The broken-hearted mother
Tried in vain to sleep that night,
Her busy brain would conjure up
Some possible means of flight.

Well she knew she was a prisoner,
That the house was thronged with men;
Knew, too, that for years this place
Had been a noted gambler's den,
And a long, low vaulted chamber
Ran beneath the basement floor,
Opening far beyond detection,
In a heavy, hidden door.

She shuddered with a vision
Of the bloodhounds on her track,
As she thought how deadly certain
They would be to bring her back!

O, she could not, could not bear it!
She would kill herself and him!
Then, across her 'wildered memory
Stole a vision, faint and dim,
Of some reverent childish teaching,
Prayer to God, and faith and fear—
"Lead us not into temptation!"
Was He listening? Did He hear?

Then she thought of old Aunt Dinah,
Who had taught her thus to pray,
Living free in Oppoloosa,
Half a score of miles away,

And at last, she rose, determined
That the danger should be braved;
Though her life might pay the forfeit,
Little Philip should be saved!
So she wrapped her sleeping treasure
In a mantle dark and thin,
Tied a gaudy-hued bandana
'Neath her smoothly-rounded chin,

Planned her flight to escape detection,
And removing every trace,
With a subtle, stealthy movement
Of a leopard, left the place.
And she paused not in her journey,—
Life or death still lay before!
'Till she struggled, worn and weary,
To Aunt Dinah's cabin door.

Hush! a voice of prayer and pleading
On the midnight calm is heard:—
"Teach us, Lord, through all our blindness
To believe Thy precious word.
Help us when our hearts are heavy;
Guide us when we go astray;
Lead us in the paths we know not,
Nearer to Thee, day by day."

With her spirit vision opened
By some unseen inner sight,
Old Aunt Dinah had arisen
And was praying in the night.
In her strong, black arms she gathered
Weary mother, wondering child;
And she listened to their story
Full of anguish, fierce and wild.

Knowing well she could not save them,
That her love though strong and bright,
Was as chaff before the whirlwind
Of the white man's power and might.
"I would give my poor old heart's blood,
Every drop for yours and you,
If I could but keep you, honey,
From this path you're walking through.

"But, I've seen it all too often;
They will hunt you if you hide,
They will catch you if you're fleeing,
They will take you from my side;
And they'll take your baby from you,
Stop! De Lord's own voice I hear;
Will you trust your precious darling
To my care and leave him here?

"I will keep him from all danger;
Hide him where no eye can see;
And 'twill be a comfort, deary,
If you always know he's free.
Don't look so; give me the baby;
Yes, I know how hard it is,
But we do the Father's bidding,
Not in our way, but in His.

"I will pray for you to-morrow;
Now the moon is going down,
You must take my little donkey,
Child, and hurry back to town.
Ride him just as far's you dare to,
Then tie up the bridle rein,
Turn his head, and he's done sartain
To come right straight home again!"

When next morning she was summoned
From her room, she walked alone;
Though her fierce, brown eyes burned darkly,
They were tearless, dry as stone.
And the lawyers and the keepers
Looked at her and shrank away,
Minded by her wondrous beauty
Of a tigress turned at bay.

But a query ran among them,—
Of the baby—where was he?
'Till she heard their words and answered
Very calmly—"He is free!"
"Free! The house was strongly guarded,
Every window, every door;
They had seen both child and mother
Safely caged the night before!

"Not a living thing had ventured
O'er the threshold that they knew;
And the hounds with hungry voices
Bayed outside the whole night through."
Instant search sufficed to show them
That the baby was not there;
Not a hint, or trace, or sign
Could they discover anywhere.

Then, with threatening look and gesture
To the mother they returned,
But she said in words triumphant,
While her eyes more brightly burned:—

"Strike me! Minions! I expect it!
Scourge me! burn me! beat or kill!
But it will not help you find him,
He is FREE! my darling Phil!
Think you, I would fear to hide him.
In the darkness of the grave?
Ah, my baby's father's baby
Was not born to be a slave!"

So, with furtive eyes they watched her,
Talking low 'mid fear and fright,
Half afraid 'mid their bravado,
She would vanish from their sight.
But she stood as stands the martyr,
When his last frail hope dies out,
And the murmuring sea of voices
Rises to an angry shout.

And she thought not of her beauty
As her heart beat fast and faster,
Gazing on those stranger faces,
Wondering which would be her master.
But, the horrid truth awoke her,—
"Going, going! gone!" It told
That beyond all hope or dreaming,
She was sold,—to slavery sold!

Then, as if the soul within her
Larger grew with pain and strife,
Or, as if some marble statue
Started forth, a thing of life,
Turned she, and with footsteps silent
As a specter of the dead,
From their midst she swiftly fled.
Ere a hand could lift to stay her

On—to where the lofty margin
Overlooks the river's flood,
There she paused and turned in triumph
As upon its brink she stood:
"Cowards! Do you dare to follow
To yon gulf, to find your slave?
Think you that I fear to render
Back to God the life He gave

"Let Him in his righteous judgment
Weigh the guilt 'twixt you and me;
Let Him guard my boy and keep him
When his mother, too, is free!
Back! you have no power to stay me!
Stop! I would not hear you lie,
Back! I laugh at you, my masters!
Free I lived! and free I die!"

Turning with a look of triumph
And a smile of proud disdain,
Sprang she forth into the river,
Sank, and rose—and sank again.
Onward swept the mighty river
On its journey to the sea;
But the mother's woes were ended—
Child and mother both were free.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight;
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sewing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the false, the untrue!
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

BYRON W. KING.

'Mid the far-off hills, by a lowly cot,
Bloom the rose, the vine, the forget-me-not,
And there where zephyrs blow soft and sweet,
Where hearts are the truest of hearts that beat,
I have heard in the fading twilight glow,
The song of my Mother, sweet, sad and low.

Years, years have gone, but I hear it still,
And it wakes my heart with its magic thrill,
I hear that song with its cadence of tears
Over all the whirl of the troubled years:
O'er the toil and strife of the hurrying throng,
Come the echoing words of my Mother's song.

I know as she sings it, day after day,
Her locks are fast turning to silvery gray;
The form is more bending, the hand is more weak,
And trembling and low are the tones that speak;
She is failing fast, thro' suffering long
But never more sweet was my Mother's song.

I know that a message must some day come
To call me again to that cottage home,
And there in the close of the crimson day
I shall find that sweet voice hushed for aye!
And kneeling low in the fading light,
I shall kiss the lips one last good night!

But thro' all years my heart shall beat;
As I tread life's path with my weary feet.
I shall hear that song as a voice divine,
And that lovely cot shall become a shrine!
O'er all life's sorrow and strife and wrong,
I shall hear the words of my Mother's song!

LARIAT BILL.—THE ENGINEER'S STORY

PUCK.

"Well, stranger, 'twas somewhere in 'sixty-nine,
I were runnin' the 'Frisco fast express;
An' from Murder Creek to Blasted Pine,
Were nigh onto eighteen mile, I guess.
The road were a down-grade all the way,
An' we pulled out of Murder a little late,
So I opened the throttle wide that day,
And a mile a minute were 'bout our gait.

"My fireman's name were Lariat Bill,
A quiet man with an easy way,
Who could rope a steer with a cow-boy's skill,
Which he'd learned in Texas, I've heard him say;
The coil were strong as tempered steel,
An' it went like a bolt from cross-bow flung,
An' arter Bill changed from saddle to wheel,
Just over his head in the cab in hung.

"Well, as I were sayin', we fairly flew
As we struck the curve at Buffalo Spring,
An' I give her full steam an' put her through,
An' the engine rocked like a livin' thing;
When all of a sudden I got a scare—
For thar on the track were a little child!
An' right in the path of the engine there,
She held out her little hands and smiled!

"I jerked the lever and whistled for brakes,
The wheels threw sparks like a shower of gold;
But I knew the trouble a down-grade makes.
An' I set my teeth, an' my flesh grew cold.
Then Lariat Bill yanked his long lassoo,
An' out on the front of the engine crept—
He balanced a moment before he threw,
Then out in the air his lariat swept!"

He paused. There were tears in his honest eyes;
The stranger listened with bated breath—
"I know the rest of the tale," he cries:
"He snatched the child from the jaws of death!
'Twas the deed of a hero—from heroes bred—
Whose praises the very angels sing!"
The engineer shook his grizzled head,
And growled: "He didn't do no sich thing."

'He aimed for the stump of a big pine-tree,
An' the lariat caught with a double hitch,
An' in less'n a second the train an' we
Were yanked off the track an' inter the ditch!
'Twere an awful smash, an' it laid me out,
I ain't forgot it an' never shall;
Were the passengers hurt?' Lemme see—about—
Yes, it killed about forty—but saved the gal!"

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY JULIA MILLS DUNN.

The summer skies bend soft and blue,
The air is sweet with wild brook's laughter,
And over the orchard's grassy slope
Swift shadows are chasing each other after.
A youth and maiden, side by side—
A bashful girl and her rustic lover—
Stand by the turnstile old and brown
That leads to the field of blossoming clover.

She with a milk-pail on her arm,
Turns aside, her young cheeks glowing,
And hears down the lane the slow, dull tread
Of the drove of cows that are homeward going.
"Bessie," he said; at the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder;
"My mother is feeble, and lame, and old—
I need a wife at the farm-house yonder.
My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me;
Will you be my guardian angel, dear;
Queen of my household, to guide and cheer me?"

"It has a pleasant sound," she said,
"A household queen, a guiding spirit!
But I am only a simple child,—
So my mother says in her daily chiding,—
And what must a guardian angel do
When she first begins her work of guiding?"

"Well, first, dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than the rarest beauty;
And my mother, fretful, lame and old,
Will require a daughter's loving duty.
You will see to her flannels, drops and tea,
And talk with her of her lungs and liver;
Give her your cheerful service, dear,—
The Lord he loveth a cheerful giver.

"You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious winter nights beguiling;
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is the cheerful face that is always smiling.
In short, you'll arrange in a general way
For a sort of sublunary heaven;
For home, dear Bessie, say what we may,
Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

The lark sang out to the bending sky,
The bobolink piped in the rushes,
And out of the tossing clover blooms
Came the clear, sweet song of the meadow thrushes.
And Bessie, listening, paused awhile,
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor,—
"But John—do you mean—that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?"

"What will you get?" John gasped, and sighed:—
"So young and yet so mercenary;
So artless, and yet so worldly wise—
And this is the girl I thought to marry."
But Bessie laughed, "I'm a simple child,
So my mother says, with much vain sighing;
But it seems to me, of all hard tasks,
A guardian angel's is most trying.

"To be nurse, companion, and servant girl,
To make home's altar-fire burn brightly;
To wash and iron and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home and friends;
Nay, even the name of a mother's giving;
To do all this for one's board and clothes;
Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!

"Suppose you choose, John, some other man,
Who shall rule your coming and your going;
Who shall choose your home, prescribe your work,
Your pay, and the time of its bestowing;
Who shall own the very clothes you wear,
And your children, if any the good Lord gives,
For a third of what he may possibly earn,
When he dies, and nothing at all if he lives!

"Just think of it, John!" But John looked down
And groaned with a sigh of deep regret:—
"To seem so simple, and be so deep—
Great Cæsar! To marry for what she can get!
The clover may blossom, and ripen and fade,
And golden summers may wax and wane,
But I'll trust no more to an artless smile,
And I'll never propose to a girl again."

And Bessie gayly went her way
Down through the fields of scented clover,
But never again since that summer day
Has she won a glance from her rustic lover;
The lark sings out to the bending sky,
The clouds sail on as white as ever;
The clovers toss in the summer wind,
But Bessie has lost that chance for ever.

MORAL.

Young man, be advised, when you've chosen your bride,
Don't be too explicit until the knot's tied,
You are safer by far—no matter how rich—
To talk only of "angels" and "altars" and "sich."

Young woman! I'll tell you, on sober reflection,
There are things that won't bear too close inspection;
And the most fitting dress for a young bride to wear,
Is the robe of "illusion," preserved with great care!

FASHIONABLE SCHOOL GIRL.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who had grown comfortably well-off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse and delivery wagon, to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms

"Why, you superlatively Pa! I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of gathered it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hobbles towards home.

"Pa, dear," surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey? quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren, if that's what you mean.

"Oh, no, pa; you don't understand me; I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he bought it to deliver pork in; but the conversation appeared to be traveling in a lonesome direction, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate Ma!" and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well there, Papa, now you're shou—I mean I consider it far too beyond. It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense! And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, half full—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't. The rule of three! Grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine art that have made my school life the boss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but!"

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything, and this plum preserve is simply a poem itself?"

The old man rose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning, he rapped smartly on the plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:—

"Maria! me an' your mother have been talkin the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin to be a stop put to this

unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an' dust up stairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy dress-gown and put on a caliker, an' then come down an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that ther ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative Pa an' Ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

OLD CHUMS.

ALICE CAREY.

Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
I shouldn't have known you but that I was told
You might be expected;—pray, how do you do?
But what under heaven has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you've only a little gray fuzz!
And your beard's, white! but that can be beautifully dyed;
And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;
And then—stars and garters! your vest is so wide!

Is this your hand! Well! how I envied you that
In the time of our courting,—so soft, and so small!
And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn 'round! let me look at you! isn't it odd
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down
And all the old roses are under the plough:
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife.

Poor Katherine! so she has left you,—ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more.
What is it you tell me? She WAS fifty-three!
O no, Jack! she wasn't so much by a score!

Well, there's little Katy,—was that her name, John?
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.
That baby! Great Scott! is she married and gone?
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I
By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back
A sober old graybeard, just ready to die!
I don't understand how it is,—do you Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright!
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
But still, with my spectacles on, and a light
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing is dull, and my leg is more spare,
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—
But nothing worth mentioning nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,
And my nose isn't quite on a straight line, they say,
For all that, I don't think I've changed much, do you?
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day!

LABOR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse, wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather-tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so derfomed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly,

him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavors are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself, there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually

learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith. Man, Son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

CONNOR.

To the
Memory of Patrick Connor,
this Simple Stone was Erected by his
Fellow Workingmen.

These words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor humble man.

In his shabby, frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn,—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and addressed the man.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks, are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that; but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor, I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate; besides I know your countrymen,—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne.

"Jist, Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The won's me wife, the other me child." O masther, jist try me! How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke.

"I'll hire you for a week, and now, as it's noon, go

down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner,—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of his new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings, running errands in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways were often laughable. But he won their

hearts at last, and when one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted: "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroo! I've got it!" all felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a dark lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men. In the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villian, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit joking, and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.—

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him, noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited everyone wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay-day, "set Nora a week nearer," as he said, and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time however only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding; knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man,—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer

at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantelpiece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked: "Do you wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the

Steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the old Counthry," he said, "but she'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the Captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor, and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore."

"I bade her wait."

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know."

"Nora would;" said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the Captain started. In a moment he asked:—"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor."

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said huskily: "Sit down my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?"

"She sailed with us."

"Where is she?"

The Captain made answer.

"My man, we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes,—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the Captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season. We have had illness on board,—the cholera. You knew that."

"I didn't. I can't read; they kept it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that. Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, captain?"

"Many died; many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day, and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke

my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she, 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And my man, God help you, she never said anything more,—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye masther, I've learnt one thing,—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her and Jamesy, over the river; don't you see it, and *her* standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Conner stretched out his arms,—perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows, —and so died.

EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twénty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Like sporting deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can,
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright:
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
  And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
  A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
  A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
  The moon shone clear and cold;
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
  And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
  And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
  And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
  But lifeless flesh and bone.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
  That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
  For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
  That murder could not kill.

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
For when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain;
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal;
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember, this
Is *nothing but a dream!*

"Down went the corpse with hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim.

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red.

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin has rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I *hid* the murdered man;

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And *still* the corpse was bare.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,—
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce, avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones;
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones.

"O God! that horrid, *horrid* dream
Besets me now, *awake*;
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing *pursues* my soul,—
It stands before me *now!*"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

R. J. BURDETTE.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window-pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says, "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said; "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular, and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said; "all palace cars and $2 extra for seat, fast time, and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train-men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train-men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time-card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke, if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't ex-

pected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting!" he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman; "she's a daisy; isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river; but it's all steel rail and rock ballast; single track all the way, and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good

time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

WHAT THE CLOCK SAW.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded, stupid carelessness."

"She—"

"*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer-looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. This will do as well. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well, Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely, I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her check, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9:50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than Simmons stretched himself out upon the table and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before, and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps

grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face.

"I can't believe it!" she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My! babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'I love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer:

"O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her

upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am, Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm, 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he never would learn;
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
So *over the hill to the poor house!*

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big, and nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull them about;
An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.

An' I think, myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;
My mother denied it, as mother's do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whisky spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried, an' prayed, 'till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
But fortune seemed to like we well;
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true
An' put my good resolutions through.
Then, I wrote to a trusty old neighbor, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.

And when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of some one Charley had sold it to;
And held back neither work nor gold
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire-place, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
I wound it an' set it goin' myself;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags were as black as coal;
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole;)
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face!
"Mother! I shouted, "your sorrows are done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, 'till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our home wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,

To see her a gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' and kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less:)
But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can;
That whether on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him, fair and bright.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With *over the hill from the poor-house.*

THE BAR-TENDER'S STORY.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

When I knowed him at first there was suthin'
A sort of a general air,
That was wery particular pleasin',
And what you might call—debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And highfalutin, perhaps,
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps,

And such is the way they converses.
But speakin' of this here young man,
Apparently, nature had shaped him
On a sort of a liberal plan.
Had guv him good looks and good language,
And manners expressin' with vim
His belief in hisself, and that others
Was just as good fellers as him.

Well, this chap wasn't stuck up, by no means,
Nor inclined to be easy put down;
And was thought to be jolly agreeable
Wherever he went around town.
He used to come in for his beverage
Quite regular, every night;
And I took a consid'able interest
In mixin' the thing about right.

A judicious indulgence in liquids
It is natural for me to admire;
But I hev to admit that for some folks
They are poison, complete and entire;
For rum, though a cheerful companion,
As a boss is the devil's own chum;
And this chap, I am sorry to state it,
Was floored in a wrastle with rum.

For he got to increasin' his doses,
And he took 'em more often, he did;
And it growed on faster and faster,
'Till inter a bummer he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A-lettin' hisself down the grade,
And I lectured him onto it sometimes,
At the risk of its injurin' trade.

At last he got awfully seedy,
And lost his respect for hisself;
And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful,
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear to reform hisself frequent,
And end it—by takin' a drink.

What saved that young feller? A woman.
She done it the sing'lerest way!
He come in the bar-room one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day),
And sot hisself down to the table
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And sot there a-groanin' repeated,
A-callin' hisself a gone case.

He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
And cursin' hisself and his fate,
And ended his thinkin', as usual,
By orderin' a "bourbon straight."
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street
There come a young gal, like a spirit,
With a face that was wonderful sweet.

And she glided right up to the table,
And took the glass gently away;
And she says to him, "George, it is over,
I am only a woman to-day.
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling,
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.

"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to love I am true.
I have turned from the home of my childhood,
And I come to you, lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment and honor,
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share them with you and not shrink;
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woe and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady
(But her face was as pale as the dead)—
"Here's to wine and the joy of carousals,
The songs and the laughter," she said.

Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away stern and savage,
And I tell you his manner was grand!
And he says, "I have done with it, Nelly!
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod;
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!"

What more was remarked it is needless
For me to attempt to relate;
It was some time ago since it happened,
But the sequel is easy to state:
I saw that same feller last Monday,
Lookin' nobby and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gen'lemen,
And a baby was into the same.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,—
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all parts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He got der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot from no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
He kicks oup sooch a touse;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair upon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes from der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anytings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? You guess Providence 'll take care o 'em! Don't look so. *You*

thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all* and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though: *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I set her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How well you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a

good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

CUDDLE DOON.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
  Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
  I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly heid—
  He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
  The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
  They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
  "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
  Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:
  He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
  He'd bother half the toon.
But aye I hap them up, and cry,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May he who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

BELSHAZZAR'S DOOM.

Lo, the sounds of mirth rise loud
From a city in the east,
And a thousand gleaming chariots
Gather at a royal feast;
And a mellow, mystic radiance
Floats upon the perfumed air.

While the sounds of soft, sweet music,
Drive away all thought of care.
E'en this city's proudest children
Look with rapture on the sight,
While a throng of giddy dancers
Glide beneath the tinted light.

On his throne of dazzling splendor
Now Chaldea's King reclines,
While the goblets gemmed and golden,
Glow with rich and mellow wines.
And, to still increase the splendors
Of that glorious, gala night,
Glitter Judah's sacred vessels—
Triumphs of the heathen's might.

'Round the walls of that proud City
Now the Persian army slept,
While their stern and watchful sentries,
Long and weary vigils kept.
While, perchance, some drowsy sentry
Paused upon his lonely beat,
And in silence marked the timing
Of the dainty, tinkling feet;
And the countless scintillations,
From the windows tall and wide,
With their meteor-like reflections
On the dark Euphrates tide.
Then, resumed his measured walking,
As the night bird rustled by,
Thinking of the mighty changes
That must meet the morning's eye!
How the dark Euphrates river,
Startled from its rocky bed,
Would move on in frightful grandeur
Through a city of the dead!

But what reck the gay Chaldeans
With their walls of wondrous height,
What to them was haughty Cyrus,
In his silent, sullen might!
Loudly laughs the King Assyrian,
Little does he dream of harm;
Sweetly smiles yon blushing maiden,
Leaning on her lover's arm.

But, how silent are the minstrels!
See the vast assemblage quail,
And the god-like King, Belshazzar,
Turneth sudden deadly pale!
For along those walls palatial
Now a ghostly hand doth write
In a dark and unknown language,
Words that freeze the very sight!

Many a deeply-skilled magician
With his deep and longing eyes,
And in turn each wise old seer
Now the spectral message tries;
But in vain their conjurations;
Still those flaming letters stand
On the grand old wall emblazoned,
Written by God's own right hand!

"Bring the Hebrew captive hither,"
Then the trembling Monarch cried,—
"Since the wise of all Chaldea
By these letters are defied!"
See, Judea's prophet enters
'Mid that pale and trembling throng,
'Mid the halls that late re-echoed
With the mirth of shout and song.

"Hebrew captive!"—cries the Monarch,—
"If these letters thou canst read,
Costly robes and kingly honors
Will I give to thee as meed!
"I ask not honors, trembling Monarch!
What to me this heathen land!
One of many children, chastened
By a loving Father's hand!
But, Belshazzar, King Assyrian,
With thy broad and rich domains,
With countless heathen altars
And thy strange unholy fanes,
Unto thee does this come greeting,
Penned by high Jehovah's hand,
Before whom the angels worship
In full many a white-robed band!
In the balance of high Heaven
Has thy wanting soul been weighed,
By great Alpha and Omega,
By the Maker of all made.
Know, thy days on earth are numbered,
And ere morning dawns again,
Thou with many a loyal subject,
Shall be numbered with the slain!
Lo, thy Kingdom shall be given
To the Persian and the Mede!
Thus, O haughty King Assyrian,
Does this dreadful sentence read!

Dreary silence holds dominion
Through those grandly lighted halls,
And the sound of trampling horses
On the drowsy night-air falls!
Louder grows the sound of conflict,

And as pale stars softly wane,
Medes and Persians hold Chaldea
And Belshazzar's with the slain!

Canst thou tell me, smiling skeptic,
Why no longer, as of yore,
Does the weary Arab rest him
On the dark Euphrates shore!
Yes, a pool of stagnant blackness,
Sleeps where Babylon once stood,
And the raven and foul lap-wing
Lave their pinions in its flood.
And the slimy adder hisses
Where once lordly feasts were held,
And the moaning north wind sigheth
Where those strains of music swelled.
List, and thou shall hear the angels
As they worship, one by one,
Say, "O God! in Earth and Heaven
May Thy holy will be done."

"I HAVE SEEN AN END OF ALL PERFECTION."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I have seen man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest tress; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body; he was perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he

made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distance of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow, he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful, while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—"He is my brother;" of his daughter, "I know her not;" and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures

of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned,—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eyes sparkled not there;—the music of her voice was silent; she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to the opened grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the cold clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept, he said: "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again, it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eyes were brilliant with tears, still I said in my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and

peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked around on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honor of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he turned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartment, and the unfed beggar came tottering hungry from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end. of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.

CATO ON IMMORTALITY.

ADDISON.

It must be so;—Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
—'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold:—If there's a Power above us.
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy:
But—when?—or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures: This must end them.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]
Thus I am doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

POTENCY OF ENGLISH WORDS.

JOHN S. MCINTOSH.

Seek out "acceptable words"; and as ye seek them, turn to our English stores. Seeking to be rich in speech, you will find that in the broad ocean of our English literature there are pearls of great price, our potent English words; words that are wizards, more mighty than the old Scotch magician; words that are pictures, bright and moving with all the coloring and circumstances of life; words that go down the century like battle-cries; words that sob like litanies, sing like larks, sigh like zephyrs, shout like seas. Seek amid our exhaustless stores, and you will find words that flash like the stars of the frosty sky, or are melting and tender like Love's tear-filled eyes; words that are fresh and crisp like the mountain breeze in Autumn, or mellow and rich as an old painting; words that are sharp, unbending and precise, like Alpine needle-points, or are heavy and rugged like great nuggets of gold; words that are glittering and gay, like imperial gems, or are chaste and refined like the face of a Muse. Search, and ye shall find words that crush like the battle-axe of Richard, or cut like the scimetar of Saladin; words that sting like a serpent's fangs, or soothe like a mother's kiss; words that can unveil the nether depths of Hell, or paint out the heavenly heights of purity and peace; words that can recall a Judas; words that can reveal the Christ. Before us stands a grand instrument of countless strings, of myriad notes and keys, and we are content with some few hundreds, and these not the purest, richest, deepest, sweetest. If you would be strong of speech, master more of these notes; let your vocabulary be rich,

varied, pure, and proportionate will be your power and attractiveness as speakers. I would have you deeply impressed by the force, fullness and flexibility of our noble tongue, where, if anywhere, the gigantic strength of thought and truth is wedded to the seraphic beauty of perfect utterance. I would have you fling yourselves unhesitatingly out into this great, fresh sea, like bold swimmers into the rolling waves of ocean.

It will make you healthy, vigorous, supple and equal to a hundred calls of duty. I would have you cherish sacredly this goodly heritage, won by centuries of English thought and countless lives of English toil. I would have you jealous, like the Apostle over the Church, over these pure wells of English undefiled. Degrade not our sacred tongue by slang; defile not its crystal streams with the foul waters of careless speech; honor its stern old parentage, obey its simple yet severe grammar, watch its perfect rythm, and never mix its blue blood, the gift of noblest sires, with the base puddle of any mongrel race; but be ye of pure English lip.

WHY GIRLS CAN'T WHISTLE.

Grandma Goff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may
If they pucker their lips the proper way,
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
Now, I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that, then you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss;
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not;
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out
Strayed off somewhere down the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing, I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed 'till I thought she'd ache,
When I said I knew it was all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

"GWINE AWAY."

"De Lake Sho' train am de one we is lookin' fur boss, kase I'ze gwine to send de ole woman to Toledo. Poo' ole soul! She's been cryin' all the mawnin', kase she's gwine away from me, an' to tell de truf, I can't

keep de tears outer my own eyes long 'nuff to see 'cross the depot."

It was an old, old colored man, stoop-shouldered, trembling with age. He was accompanied by his aged wife, who had on her Sunday-best and carried a bundle in her hand. She was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief, and in lieu of something better he was using his coat-sleeve.

"Is your wife going on a visit?"

"Bless you, no! We would be feeling' like chill'n if it war only a visit. You see, sah, we's got so ole an' poo' dat we can't keep house nor airn a libin' any mo'. We's felt it comin' on fur a long time past, but neber 'spected de day would come when we'd have to separate."

"Then she won't come back?"

"Dat's what ails us. You see, I'ze got a son heah who will gib me a home, an' she's got a darter down in Toledo who will take keer of her. She's—she's gwine away dis mawnin', an' I spect I'll neber set eyes on her no mo'. 'Tain't fur down dar, but we is poo' an' ole, an' I'ze gwine to k ss her good-bye fur de las' time. Hold up yer face, Mary, till I kiss ye! You an' me has trabbled in de same path risin' of sixty y'ars, an' now when we am grown ole an' poo', an' am waitin' fur de call, we has got to separate! Dar', dar', chile, don't take on so! It's sumthin' we can't help, an' if you sob dat way you'll broke de ole man right down. Dat's de train ober dar', an'—an'—"

He put his arms around her and his tears fell on her cheek, as he said:

"We slaved together, an' we has starved an' shibbered an' met trouble wid de same speerit."

"Hush, chile—it's all fur de best! Maybe de Lawd will bring us together agin. If—if he doan' do it, you'l meet me up dar in heaben. We kin trust de Lawd fur dat. If I git dar fust I'll wait fur you right at de gate, an' if you am fust taken, I know you'll watch fur me."

She kissed him and clung to him like a child, and it was only when the train was ready to go that he disengaged her arm, kissed her once more, and led her to the gate, with the words:

"I'll be prayin' de Lawd to be good to ye, an' I'll fink of ye ebery hour in de day."

"Keep down yer sobs, chile—we can't be chill'in no mo'. Here you am—good-bye—good-bye."

She went away sobbing like a child, and he passed out of the depot with big tears in his eyes and a heart almost breaking with sorrow.

"I'll trust—I'll trust in de Lawd," he whispered, as he went his way. "Tell ye what, it's powerful sad on two ole folkses like us to be all broke up an' separated like dis, but we couldn't do better. Bress her dear soul! but de poo' body was well nigh done fur wid grief when I turned away de las' time!"

THE KITCHEN POKER.

Swate widow Fagg, one winter's night
  Invited a tea party,
Of elegant gentility,
  And made the boys quite hearty;
But just as they were breaking up,
  She missed her kitchen poker,
And delicately hinted, that
  The thief was Paddy Croker.

No, Pat he was a Grenadier,
  In what is called the Grey Light Horse;
A stouter, cleaner, tighter lad—
  Upon my soul there never was.
Says he unto the widow:
  "Do you take me for a joker?
Do you think I'd come into your house
  And steal your dirty poker?
Your nasty, dirty poker,
Your dirty kitchen poker!
Do you think an Irish gintleman
  Would steal your dirty poker?"

But all that he could say or do
  Had no effect upon her.
An length, says she: "Now, Pat, will you
  Declare upon your honor?"

Arrah! Pat stared and started back,
  His hand behind his cloaker!!
"Ye touch my honor, touch my like;—
  There is your dirty poker!—
Your nasty kitchen poker;
Your dirty, ugly poker.
  Touch my honor—touch my life;
Here! Take your dirty poker!"

ENGINEERS MAKING LOVE.

R. J. BURDETTE.

It's noon when Thirty-five is due,
  An' she comes on time like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle "Too-tee too!"
  Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day,
An' he's callin' his sweetheart far away—
Gertrude Hurd lives down by the mill;
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill,
"Tudie! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five A. M. there's a local comes,
Makes up at Bristol, running east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man and beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls,—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-iee!"

But at one-fifty-one, old Sixty-four—
Boston express, runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew.

An' away on the furthest edge of the town
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright and clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-ou, Su-u-u-u-e!"

Along at midnight a freight comes in
Leaves Berlin sometime—I don't know when;
But it rumbles along with a fearful din
Till it reaches the Y-switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams;
To her like a wedding-bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Given her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo-loo! Loo-oo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night
'Till the old folks have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin'—with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle valve to the girls they know,
An' stokers the name of their sweethearts tell,
With the "too-too-too" and the swaying bell.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

SHAKESPEARE.

To be—or not to be—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep—
No more? and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To die—to sleep:
To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay! there's the rub;
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!
There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?
Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

FATHER PROUT.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling 'round by cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate.
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly!
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sounds so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repôse;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O, holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, LORDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
[*Aside.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customery suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father:

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubborness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient:
An understanding simple and unschooled:
For what, we know, must be; and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to heaven.
We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, LORDS, *&c.*

Ham. Oh, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! God! O! God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fye on't! Oh, Fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a King; that was to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't:—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules:
It is not, nor it can not come to good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn 'till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When evening sun is low.
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door—
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits amongst his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir
And it makes his heart rejoice;
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in paradise;
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus, at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed, each thought.

MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.

SHAKESPEARE.

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his designs
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whil'st I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.—Hark!—peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good-night. He is about it,
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed!—didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the cricket's cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Aye.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, MURDER!
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought of
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

MACBETH *doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—*
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast:—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more*, to all the house;

GLAMIS *hath murdered sleep; and therefore* CAWDOR
Shall sleep no more—MACBETH *shall sleep no more!*

Lady M. Who was it thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think on what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here?—Ha? they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hands? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Reenter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Has left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking;
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

MOTHER.

I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To bless Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil, beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor meet in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham ber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham·ber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak Decem-ber,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

And each silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no
longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I im-
plore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened
wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word "Lenore!"
This *I* whisper'd, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he
flutter'd—
'Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have
flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one
burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—"Never—nevermore!"
But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"
Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!
Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, to the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her; she struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim:
"Avaunt, sir!" And off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with a wild, fiendish laugh
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried: "Don't!" And the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered: "How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go,
Say, wilt thou, my dear?" And she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new home,—
A cabin by no means enchanted.
See! Here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said: "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shantied.

HEART'S EASE.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
  In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
  The whole twelve months together,
This little, purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things!

I had a little lover once
  Who used to give me posies,
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
  His cheeks were red as roses,
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls, who went to school with me,
  Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me loyally
  His biggest plums and peaches;
And always at the door would wait
To—to carry home my books and slate!

They "couldn't see,"—with pout and fling,—
  "The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing,
  To win such admiration!
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With brighter eyes and longer curls!"

And this I knew, as well as they,
  And never could see clearly,
Why, more than Marion or May,
  I should be loved so dearly;
And once I asked him, "Why was this?"
He answered only with a kiss!

But, when I teased him, "Tell me *why*,
I want to know the reason!"
Then, from the garden-bed near by,—
The pansies were in season—,
He plucked and gave a flower to me
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said—,
"With lilies pale and slender,
With phlox and with verbenas red,
And fuchsia's purple splendor;
But over and above the rest
This little heart's-ease suits me best!"

"Am I your little heart's-ease, then?"
I asked with blushing pleasure.
He answered, "Yes!" and "yes" again?
"Heart's ease and dearest treasure,
That the round world and all the sea
Has nothing half so dear as me!"

I listened with a proud delight,
Too rare for words to capture,
And never dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to still my rapture,—
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies 'round a little tomb!

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things!

BARBERY FRICKEY.

GERMAN VERSION.

Dwas early von morning,
Ven daytimes proke oud,
Dot all dose dings happen
Vot I dold youse aboud.
All around der blaces
Der peen a big crop—
Botatoes und such dings
Vos looking dip dop.
I dink dose rebels like to have some off dose rations,
Because dhey vas almost dead mid starvations.
Dhey were hurrying along
Shoost as fast as dhey could;
Some valking on horseback,
Some riding of foot.
Vile ub der streed
Came der rebel tread,
Mid Stony-vall Jack
Marching righd straighd on along ahead.
As he looked from under,
Dot old slouch hadt,
He bud up his handt,
Und looked shoosd like dot.

Barbara Frickey, shoost den,
Vas looking der vindow drough;
Und says she, "Now, Stony vall Jack,
You shoost look better a leedle oud vot you do."
"Halt!" Der dust-brown ranks
Putty quick stood fast.
"Fire!" Oh, my! You should have seen
How oud-plazed dot rifle blast!

It shivered dot vindow
Mid pains und sashes;
It rent dot old banner
Mid seams und mid gashes.
Vell! ven everey-pody
Saw how dot vindow glass vas spilt,
Dey all t'ought dot old vomans
She must be righd avay kilt.
Bud, no; ven she saw
Dot flag fall down from der shtick,
Old Barbara she caught him
Up righd avay quick,
Und leaning herself inside
Oud dot vindow sill,
She shook dot flag,
By jimminy Christmas, fit to kill.
"Shoot, if you must, at dis old white head,
But spare your country's flag!"
Dot's vot she said.

A shade of big sadness,
A blushes of shame,
Over der face of Stony-vall
In vone quick second came,
"Who touches der hairs
Of dot old bald head,
Dies, like a spitz poodle—march, righd
Strighd on along dere now!" Dot's vot he said.
All der whole day long by dere drum's gay beat,
Dhey marched over dot smooth cobble-stone
pavement streedt.
Over der heads der whole day t'rough
Waved dot old flag of red, white, black and blue!
Stony-vall Jack has fought his last fight,

Perhaps he vas wrong—I don't dhink he was righd,
But, now, dot's no difference vichever vay,
I'll bet two dollars und a half he's all righd at der last
big day,
Barbara Frickey has gone to der same place mid
Stony-vall Jack,
From which no liven person has ever yet come back.

My friendts, if we are safe at dot last great day—
Of course dot is doubtful, but we hope we all may—
If we reach dot land of der good, der brave, und der
true,
We'll find Stony-vall Jack und Barbara Frickey, too.

REMEMBRANCE.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles and tears of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes so bright, now dimmed and gone;
The cheerful hearts now broken!

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead
And all save he deserted!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

EASTER MORN.

BYRON W. KING.

Ring out, ring out your swelling chime,
O bells of holy Easter-tide;
Ring out the lofty peal sublime,
The Love of Christ, the Crucified.
Ring out the Story of the years,
The Faith that triumphs over tears;
The Hope that holier still appears.
Above the Cross, whereon He died.

And all you burning stars of night,
That looked upon His humble birth,
Where'er your heaven-kindled light
Falls on the lowly homes of earth,
Go, bear the news from man to man,
The noblest news since time began:—
"Man is redeemed—God's wondrous plan
Has made his life of nobler worth!"

Ye angels, that before the throne
The "Holy, holy," yet repeat,
Make ye the joyous tidings known:
"Redemption's work is now complete."
Join with that olden, sweet refrain,
"Peace, peace on earth, good will to men."
"He is not dead! He lives again!
For we behold His hands and feet!"

FANNY AND I.

I had been very angry with Fanny, and Fanny had been very angry with me. She had flirted with Fitz Foodle, and I had revenged myself by flirting with Miss Brown. So we had parted. You may

smile, but it was rather serious to me at that time. We had given back rings and locks of hair—mine was red—and letters; and we passed each other on the street without a glance, and somebody told me she was engaged to Fitz Foodle. I don't know what they told her, but her little face was two inches longer than it used to be.

Make up? No, indeed, we never were going to make up—never! There could be no reconciliation for us—of that I was sure. I wrote a piece of poetry and called it "Parted Forever," and sent it to the paper. The editor declined it with thanks. It was a touching thing, though, I feel sure, and I shed tears over it.

Of course when I happened to meet her, I felt the iron pierce my soul; and when I didn't meet her for a long time, I was still more wretched.

At last, one day, I stepped upon a crowded Brooklyn ferry boat and trod upon some one's dress. I apologized; she turned; it was Fanny. I gave her an awful look. She gave me another. Then I stared at nothing, and the boat started; and a great train of white foam followed us; and the big towers of the bridge loomed up before us; and the passengers pushed and poked each other; and a woman with a market basket, with Sausage and Limburger Cheese in it, stood back to back with Fanny; an infant with molasses candy took hold of my coat sleeve with its sticky hand, while its mother instructed it that I wasn't pa; and the horses attached to the wagons stamped about; and I was within an inch of Fanny—Fanny whom I used to kiss as much as I liked—and dared not touch her; and I thought of plunging overboard

and dying before her eyes—when, crash! crash! crash! The most awful noise, the most horrible ringing, clanging sound, bursting on our ears, and every man said words not in the catechism; and some one called out: "The boiler is burst and we're all going to the bottom!" And I—what I cried out was, "Fanny!" and what she cried out was, "Will!" and now I had her in my arms. I held her close, and said, "Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" and she sobbed, "Oh, Will, Will!"

"Oh, forgive me, Fanny," I said; "we can't die angry with each other!"

"Oh, forgive me, Will," said she, "it was all my fault." "Oh, no," said I, "it was all mine; but we'll die together, darling. Better die than live apart."

"Oh, no," said she, "not now; we must live for each other. Oh, save me! try to save me!—try to save me!"

"I will," I said, "I'll try to swim, Fanny; I'll get a life-preserver."

I dragged her toward the spot where the life-preservers were kept and handed one down. I did not notice what other people were doing—I did not care. I fastened the preserver about Fanny, and put another about my own body and took her in my arms. In a moment more I should have jumped over with her, but some one caught my coat tails.

"Stop!" said a voice. "I say—are you going crazy? There's nothin' the matter. The boiler isn't bursted. The noise was only a lot of iron bars and rails spilled out of a wagon over there. It skeered most of us, but we've all come to ourselves but you."

So they had. Most of them stood grinning at us; and Fanny grew red as a rose as I unharnessed

her, and then took off my own life-saving jacket. We had quite restored the spirits of the company, especially the lady with the Limburger in a basket, who evidently thought us the greatest joke of the season. But what did it matter? We owed too much to that foolish fright to mind being laughed at; and as I tucked the dear girl's arm under mine, at the dock, I felt happier than a king.

A man was driving slowly before us with a load of iron bars in his wagon.

"Are you the man that scared us all on the boat, just now?"

"Yes, but it's none of your business," said he.

I gave him five dollars on the spot, and I suppose he thought I was crazy. He did not know what he had done for us.

EVENING BELLS.

MOORE.

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,
When first I heard their pleasing chime!

Those happy hours have passed away.
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on!
While other bards will walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

GEORGE HOEY.

The first thing that I remembered was Carlo tugging away
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling, as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls on the coming train, and the graves you are sending them to.
Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover and loved one, too, think of them doomed every one
To fall (as it were by your very hand) into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch!"

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by the tempest were fanned,
But what was that noise in the distance? That, I could not understand.
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain?

What whistle's that, yelling so shrill? Ah! I know now, it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood—with this demon before me,—its heated breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch,—
The train was almost upon me, before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious, 'twas impossible for me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell,—
For I then heard the piteous moaning, and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glaring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped,

And lips that could form naught but "Mamma," were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river should hide me away!
When under the still burning rafters I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it, was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters, and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey, when she left for this dark, fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

Oh Lord! thy scourge is a hard one, at one blow thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless nightmare, with Maggie away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in our long, happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life time, to build up a home for my wife;
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest;
How I should do all the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some day I perhaps should be rich;—

But all of my dreams had been shattered, while I
lay there asleep at the switch!
I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I
could see;
And every eye in the court room, was steadily fixed
upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face
blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hanged
by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand
caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've
had a bad nightmare, I guess!"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar
from the ditch!
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been
"Asleep at the switch."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"

"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave."

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving."

"Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she

had been left $5000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?"

"No."

"Nor make her feel her position?"

"No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will? Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me! I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired the cause, he said:

"What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat, haven't we; and who's to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business and enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."

"But I will. I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the northwest end of a last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long, Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?"

"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser, put your feet on the lounge, get a piece of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and chew, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl, to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.

When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled the fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the tea-kettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beef-steak in the ice box, and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way, and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider, which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe, and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the buscuit. He got down the dish-pan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took

advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea, and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half-way work with me," he replied, with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I cannot. Please return to your gum and your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter, and stirred it in, and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulder-blades, flour on his hair and baking powder in his hind pocket, I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing-board, but used the spot were he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall to the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a tea cup and presently the oven door shut on his tins. He had just forty biscuits.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides, and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to

the banquet. He had the table cloth on criss-cross, the butter on a pie-plate, the cake in the cheese dish, and his beef-steak was placed in the center of the table on a pie-tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, as I sat down.

"Oh, no. You have done splendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so home-like before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, while top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit: you can't beat 'em. Wait till you taste one."

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down, and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak, Mr. Bowser," I said, as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself."

"I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do! If that isn't a nice steak, then we never had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything together in the flour-pan, wiped them on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night, after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and

colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit, he said:

"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned on me with:

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealously prompted you to put poison into that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!"

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

BRET HARTE.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't. Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just were to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it wou'd be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to!
Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if you're
sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only
says that when she's cross.
That's her picture. You know it? It's like her;
but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me,
you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that
could be bought;
For that was the message to pa from the photograph-
man where I sat,—
That he wouldn't print off any more, till he first got
his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often
she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front
curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown
people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do!
But don't come like Tom Lee,—
"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he
used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack
says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not
a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are
you, and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for
I know now your hair isn't red;
"But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what
that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go: sister's coming! But I wish
I could wait just to see
If she ran up to you, and kissed you, in the way she
used to kiss Lee."

BILLY GRIMES, THE DROVER.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here qu'te early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter, dear,
There's no use now a-talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption, too,
The dirty, ugly drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely;
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
And quite six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly;
Remember then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley!"

THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

Riding up from Bangor,
On the "Eastern" train,
From a six weeks shooting
In the woods of Maine;
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, mustache as well,
Sat a "student fellow,"
Tall, and fine, and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide,
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat.
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.

Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged);
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through,"

Thinks of the long tunnel—
  Thinks what he might do.

So they sit and chatter,
  While the cinders fly,
Till that "student fellow"
  Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
  Quickly turns about—
"May I, if you please, sir,
  Try to get it out?"

Happy "student fellow"
  Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper,
  "Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz, ding, dong! a moment
  In the tunnel quite,
And its glorious darkness
  Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
  Darts the "Eastern" train;
Student's beaver ruffled
  Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
  And there soon appeared
Cunning little earring
  Caught in student's beard.

SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE.

It so happened that passing one night, and glancing in among the graves and marble monuments, I caught sight of a dark figure sitting upon a little mound and resting its head upon its hands, and I recognized the muscular outline of the man, called by his fellow-workmen, Surly Tim.

He did not see me at first, but as I half turned away, he lifted his head and saw me standing in the bright, clear moonlight.

"Who's theer?" he said. "Dos't ta want owt?"

"It is only I. What is the matter, old fellow? I thought I heard you groan just now."

"Yo mought ha done, Mester. Happen tha did. I dunnot know mysen. Nowts th' matter, though, as I knows on, on'y I'm a bit out o' soarts."

He turned his head aside slightly and began to pull at the blades of grass on the mound, and all at once, I saw that his hand was trembling nervously.

"That un belongs to me," he said, suddenly, at last, pointing to a longer mound at his feet. "An' this little un. A little lad o' mine—a little lad of o' mine an'—an' his mother."

"What!" I exclaimed, "I never knew that you were a married man, Tim."

"Th' law says I beant, Mester," he answered, in a painful, strained fashion. "I canna tell mysen what God-a'-moighty 'ud say about it."

"I don't understand," I faltered. "You don't mean to say the poor girl never was your wife?"

"That's what th' law says; I thowt different mysen, an' so did th' poor lass. That's what's the matter, Mester; that's th' trouble.

"It wor welly about six years ago I cumn here," he said; "more or less welly about six years. I wor a quiet chap then, Mester, an' had na many friends, but I had more than I ha' now. Happen I wor better nater'd, but just as loike I wor loighter hearted—but that's nowt to do wi' it.

"I had na been here more than a week when theer

comes a young woman to moind a loom i' th' next room to me, an' this young woman, bein' pretty an' modest, takes my fancy. She war na loike th' rest o' the wenches—loud talkin' an' slattern i' her ways, she wor just quiet loike and nowt else. First time I seed her I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble; an' somehow every toime I seed her afterward I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble.' It wur in her eye—she had a soft loike brown eye, Mester—an' it wur in her voice—her voice wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt it wur plain to be seen even i' her dress. If she'd been born a lady, she'd ha' been one o' th' foine soart, an' as she'd been born a factory lass, she wur one o' th' foine soart still. So I took to watchin' her an' tryin' to mak' friends wi' her, but I never had much luck wi' her till one neet I was goin' home through th' snow, and I seed her afore, fighten' th' drift wi' nowt but a thin shawl over her head; so I goes up behind her an' I says to her, steady and respectful, so as she would na be feart, I says:

"Lass, let me see thee home. It's bad weather fur thee to be out in by thysen. Tak' my coat, an' wrop thee up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let me help thee along.'

"She looks up right straight forrad i' my face wi' her brown eyes, an' tell yo, Mester, I wur glad I wur an honest man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet eyes 'ud ha' fun me out before I'd ha' done sayin' my say if I'd meant harm.

"So we walks home to her lodgings, an' on th' way we talks together friendly an' quiet loike, an' th' more we talks th' more I secs she's had trouble, an' by an' by it comes out what her trouble has been.

"'Yo p'rhaps wouldn't think I've been a married woman, Mester,' she says; 'but I ha', an' I wedded an' rued. I married a sojer when I wur a giddy young wench, four years ago, an' it wur th' worst thing as ever I did i' aw my days. He wur one o' yo're handsome fastish chaps, an' he tired o' me an' then he ill-treated me. He went to the Crimea after we'd been wed a year; an' I heard six months after he wur dead. He'd never writ back to me nor sent me no help, but I couldna think he wur dead till th' letter comn. He wur killed th' first month he wur out fightin' th' Rooshians. Poor fellow! Poor Phil! Th' Lord ha mercy on him!'

"'That wur how I found out about her trouble, an' some how it seemed to draw me to her, an' make me feel kindly to'ards her. 'T wur so pitiful to hear her talk about th' rascal, so sorrowful, an' gentle, an' not gi' him a real hard word for a' he'd done.

"Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I wur a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. An' bein' as th' lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So once goin' home along wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss th' Good Book.

"'Sanna,' I says; 'bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?'

"'I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim,' she

answers back, soft an' gentle after a manner. 'I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time.'

"I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

" 'God bless thee lass,' I says. 'Does that mean yes?'

"She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

" 'Aye, lad,' she answers. 'It means yes, an' I'll bide by it.'

" 'An' tha shalt never rue it, lass,' said I. 'Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure and true.'

"So we wur axed i' th' church t' next Sunday, an' a month fra then we were wed, an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together—me and Rosanna—an' wen to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—theer beant no words to tell how happy and peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a-moighty fur His blessing every day, an' every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'ats worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He couldna trouble hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens. Yo see, Mester, an' we aw see sometime, He thinks on us an' gi's us a lift, but hasna tha thysen seen times when tha stopt short an' axed thysen, 'Wheer's God-a-moighty 'at he disna straighten things out a bit? Th' world 's i' a power o' a snarl. Th'

righteous is forsaken 'n his seed's beggin' bread. An' th' devil's topmost again.' I've talked to my lass about it sometimes, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she'd listen an' smile soft an' sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"'Tim,' she'd say, 'this is on'y th' skoo', an' we're th' scholars, an' He's teachin' us His way. Th' teacher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if th' scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allers think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', Th' Lord-a-moighty, He knows.'

"At th' eend o' th' year th' child wur born, th' little lad here," touching the turf with his hand. " 'Wee Wattie,' his mother ca'd him, and he wur a fine lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too sometime.

"Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddin' round holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us His way, but hows'ever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door, all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

" 'Tim,' said she, 'th' Lord ha' sent us trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?'

"That wor aw, but I knew what it meant, though th' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

"I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows, strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw was over. An' in half an hour, just as the sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

" 'Daddy!' he crows out. 'Sithee Dad—!' an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

"I've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' th' Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wor nowt but a poor chap as couldna do fur hissen; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' th' woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'en clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when the little chap deed.

"But the day comn when we could bear to talk about him and moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh come. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door an' left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an th' lass had followed me out to see th' moonshine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft and thoughtful:

" 'Tim, I wonder if th' little chap sees us?'

" 'I'd like to know, dear lass,' I answers back.

An' then she speaks again:

" Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot? He wur such a little fellow.'

"Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' getten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back.

"She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in —into th' entry an' into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouchin' down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, an' close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

"My heart leaped into my throat, an' fur a minnit I hadna a word.

" 'Good-evenin', Mester,' I says to him; 'I hope yo ha' not broughten ill news? What ails thee, dear lass?'

"She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

" 'Tim,' she says, 'dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Roo shians killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!'

"Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her, an' left her to fight th' world alone, had comn back alive an' well. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us— it wur aw on his side.

"'Tha canna want me now, Phil,' she said. 'Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi' me to him, because I know that wouldna be reet; I on'y ax thee to let me aloan. I'll go fur enough off an' never see him more.'

"But the villain held to her. If she didna come wi' him, he said, he'd ha' us up before th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done, if it hadna been for the poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we'n been rich roak theer might ha' been some help fur her; at least, th' law might ha' been browt to mak' him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak, theer was on'y one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursin, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"'Well,' says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, 'I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee, but I wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' th' world.'

"Then she turned round to me.

"Tim,' she says, 'surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time.' She didna speak to him, but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face was as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha' done. 'Come, Tim,' she said, 'he canna say no to that.'

"An' so out we went, an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

"We stood here for a minute silent, an' then I

sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' gress wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as ef her death-wound had been give to her.

" 'Little lad,' she says, 'little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee? Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!'

" 'I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort fur us? Theer wur none left —theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—fur me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast.

"'Lord God-a'-moighty,' she says, 'help us—dunnot gi' us up—dunnot, dunnot. We canna do 'thowt thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee, I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs i' His bosom. Oh, weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i' Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lord-a'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake.'

"Happen th' Lord had hearkened—happen He had, fur when she getten up, her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

" 'Sit down by me, dear lad,' she said, 'an' hold my hand a minnit.'

" 'I want thee to mak' me a promise,' said she. 'I want thee to promise never to forget what peace

we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allus, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But ef thee dunnot, dear lad,—an' I dunnot see how theer could—ef theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha 'lt moind him o'me, an' watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, an' I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant.'

"'I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a 'bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

"'Good-bye, dear lad,' she whispers—her voice aw broken. 'Doant come back to th' house till I'm gone. Good-bye, dear, dear, lad, an' God bless thee.' An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment awmost before I could cry out.

* * * * * * * * *

"Theer is na much more to tell, Mester—th' eend's comin' now. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business, an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt, an' seein' nowt, an' hopin' nowt, till one toime, when th' daisies' were blowin' on th' little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It wur a short letter, wi' print on it, an' the moment I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a

woman lyin' i' one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart-disease, an' she'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

"I started aw'most afore I'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I getten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun her—my wife—th' blessed lass. I knelt down by th' bedside an' I plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world agin fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open at onct and she seed me an' smiled, aw her dear face quiverin', i' death.

" 'Dear lad,' she whispered, 'th' path was na so long after aw. Th' Lord knew—He trod it hissen onct, yo know. I know tha'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I'll look out—for thee—for thee at'th' gate"

"An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she was dead.

"Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, for theer she lies under th' daisies cloost by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur a while an' then left her again. It wur heart-disease as killed her, the medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That's aw. Sometimes I think o'er it till I canna stand it any longer, an' I'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on th' grass—an' sometimes I ha' queer dreams about her. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she come to me aw at onct just as she used to look, on'y wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, 'Tim, th' path isna so long after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin.'

"That's why I comn here to-neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I've talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend, I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum an' surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart."

ALONE.

R. J. BURDETTE.

Since she went home,—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home,—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old, glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home,—
How still the empty rooms her presence blest,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed,
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,—
Since she went home.

Since she went home,—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed," the wife exclaimed;
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;

I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."
"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the not securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half-way down the Justice hung;
Just half-way up the woman swung.

"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.
The couple dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life."
She shouted "Don't! 'twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O, Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e*
be Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now, Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought,
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,

Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife.
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope, and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope,—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow;
What's this? A hat? Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

Vake up, my schveet! Vake up, my lofe!
Der moon dot can't been seen abofe.
Vake oud your eyes, und dough it's late,
I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
Und dhere was no goot blace to set;
My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
So blease get vakey wery soon.

O, my lofe! My lofely lofe!
Vas you avake up dhere above;
Feeling sadt und nice to hear
Schneider's fiddle schrabin near?

Vell, anyway, obe loose your ear,
Und try to saw uf you kin hear
From dem bedclose, vat you'm among,
Der little song I'm going to sung:—

O, lady! Vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
Oh! you vat's schleebin sound ub dhere,
I like you pooty vell!

Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
Ven you'm ashleep—so vake!
(Yes, hurry ub und vake ub quick
For gootness, cracious sake!)

Mine Schveet, imbatience, lofe,
I hobe you vill oxcuse;
I'm singing schveetly (dhere, py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring prake loose!)

O, putiful, schveet maid!
Oh! vill she efer vake?
Der moon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhere
Anoder shtring vent prake!)

Oh! say, old schleeby headt!
(Now, I vas gidting madt—
I'll holler now, I don't care
Uf I vake up her dad!)

I say, you schleeby, vake!
  Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
  O, cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed—dot raine it rained,
  Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
Vhen mit mine fiddle I shneaked off
  So vet und shlobby like a mool!

MR. SPOOPENDYKE EXPLAINS THE WEATHER BUREAU.

"I see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid the paper down—"I see that we are to have rising, followed by falling barometer, with northeast to southwest winds, and higher or lower temperature, with clear or partly cloudy weather and light rains. How is it they contrive to tell so accurately about the weather? Do you understand it?

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke. "They do it by observation. They have a fellow out West observing, and a man down East who observes, and fellows observing around in different parts of the country. They put all their observations together, and we know just what it is going to do."

"I suppose that's what makes the wind so different every morning—when one man's temperature is rising, another's is falling; and when one is clear, the rest are partly cloudy, with—"

"No, they ain't. Each observer sends in what he observes, and the chief makes up his mind from those reports what the weather will be. Can you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, rubbing her elbows. "If one sees the barometer rising, and another sees it falling, and its cold in one place and cloudy in another, they all say so. But I should think that when one hits it right, the others would be awful mad."

"What would they get mad about?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't imagine they all get together and fight it out, do you? They take the weather from different points and combine it, and then they parcel it out among the different regions. For instance, if it snows in the East and is warm in the West, they strike an average for the lake region. Now, what's the average between heat and snow?"

"Rain," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted in her sagacity. "I see how it is now. They take what is usually going on, and equalize it all over the country. I'm glad the Democrats weren't elected."

"What have they got to do with it? Do you think a barometer is a politician?"

"No; but if the Democrats had been elected they would have had to change it all, wouldn't they? And the South would have got the best share. That's what the Repub—"

"Dodgast the Republicans! They've got no more to do with it than you have. You've got an idea that they throw the barometers and observers into one end of a steam engine, and the weather comes out of the other. They don't make weather. The weather makes itself. It's the only one self-supporting thing about the Government. And these signal men only watch it, and tell what's going to be."

"I suppose when these observers all get together

and talk it over, it is called a storm center, isn't it?"

"That's it," shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've got the weather now. All you want is your name painted on the handle and the spring broken to be an umbrella. They don't talk it over; they tell what they know, and it is fixed up in Washington. They agree on it there, and then telegraph it all over the country. A storm center travels around everywhere. It is generally made in Manitoba, and sent down here."

"How wide is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, deeply interested. "Because, if it isn't too big, I should think they might stop it."

"Wide? It's about a feet wide! Just a feet! Just about as wide as your measly information. How're they going to stop it? S'pose it travels on a railroad train? Think it jaws the sleeping car conductor because there's only an upper berth left? Well, it don't. It hires a horse; that's the way it comes. I thires a horse!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke; "and the only way to stop it is to build a fence around it. There was some talk about burning the last one, but the wood was wet."

"Well, my dear, you needn't get angry about it," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly; "I only thought there might be some way they could make some arrangements about it. I think storm centers are horrid, and the observer in Manitoba must have a hard time. If he has to observe much in the winter, he must be nearly frozen."

"Does any human being know what you're thinking about?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "Do you s'pose he goes around with a spy-glass looking behind rocks? Think he prowls around all night with a dod-

gasted lantern, hunting up storm centers? Got an idea that he runs around under the bed with a broom, like a measley married woman I know of, and when he catches a center, pulls him out by the leg and observes him? He don't do anything of the sort. He has 'em in to spend the evening with him, and he gets 'em drunk, and finds what they're up to. Understand it now? All you want to do is to whirl around twice and squeak nights to be a weather-vane."

"I didn't know how they did it," quoth Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently; "but I see it now. If the Prohibitionists had been elected he couldn't have done that, and we would have been in a bad way. Now that I understand it, I'll learn the indications every morning. How does a barometer rise and fall?"

"With jack-screws, dodgast it!" thundered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sometimes they haul it up with a stump-machine; then they drop a carpenter's shop on it. When it gets very low they blow it up with gun-cotton. Once in Dakota it got so high they had to dig a hole and ram it down with a pile-driver. Got it now? Begin to see through it?"

BURGLAR BILL.

Through a window in the attic brawny Burglar Bill
has crept;
Stealthily he seeks a chamber where the jewelry is
kept.
He is furnished with a jimmy, centre bit and carpet-
bag—
For the latter "comes in handy," as he says, "to
stow the swag."
Here, upon the second landing, he secure may work
his will;
Down below's a dinner party—up above, the house
is still.

Suddenly, in spell-bound horror, all his satisfaction ends
For a little white-robed figure by the banister descends.
Bill has reached for his revolver, but he hesitates to fire;—
Child is it, or apparition, that provokes him to perspire?
Can it be his guardian angel, sent to stay his hand from crime?
He could wish she had selected some more seasonable time.
"Go away!" he whispers, hoarsely, "burglars have their bread to earn,"
I don't need no gordian angel comin' givin' me a turn."
But the blue eyes open wider, ruby lips reveal their pearl:—
"I is not a garden angel—I is dust a yicked girl;
On the thairs to thit I'm doin' till the tarts and jellies tum;
Partinthon, the butler, alwayth thaves for Baby Bella thome.
Poor man, 'oo is lookin' 'ungry—leave 'oo burgling fings up dere;
Tum along an' have some sweeties, thitting on the bottom thair."
"Reely, Miss, you must excoose me," says the burglar, with a jerk;
"Dooty calls, and time is pressing—I must set about my work."
"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses? Nana told me so, I'm sure.
Will 'oo try if 'oo can manage to bweak in my doll's house door?
I tan never det it undone. so my dollies tan't det out;

They don't like the fwont to open evewy time they'd
walk about.
Twy, and if 'oo does it nicely, when I'm thent up-
thairs to theep,
I will bring 'oo up some goodies, which shall be for
'oo to keep."
Off the little angel flutters, but the burglar wipes his
brow;
He is wholly unaccustomed to a kindly greeting now.

Never with a smile of welcome has he seen his
entrance met;
Nobody (except the policeman) ever wanted him as
yet.
Many a stately home he's entered, but with unobtru-
sive tact,
He has ne'er, in paying visits, called attention to the
fact.
Gain he counts it, on departing, if he has avoided strife.
Ah, my brothers, but the burglar's is a sad and
lonely life;
All forgotten are the jewels, once the purpose of his
"job,"
As he sinks upon the door-mat with a deep and
choking sob!
Then, the infant's plea recalling, seeks the nursery
above,
Looking for the Liliputian crib he is to crack for love.
In the corner stands the doll's house, gaily painted
green and red;
And the door declines to open—even as the child
had said.
Out come centre-bit and jimmy;—all his implements
are plied.

Never has he burgled better, as he feels with honest pride;
Deftly now the task's accomplished, for the door will open well,
When a childish voice behind him breaks the silence like a bell—
"Sank 'oo, Missa Burglar, sank 'oo, and, betause 'oo's been tho nice,
See, I've bwought 'oo up a tartlet—gweat big gweedies eat the ice.
Papa says he wants to see 'oo; Partinthon is tummin' too—
Tan't 'oo stay—" "Well, not this evenin', so, my little dear, adoo!"
Fast he speeds across the house-tops, but his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger traces of a baby's kiss.
Dreamily on downy pillow Baby Bella murmurs sweet:
"Burglar, tum adain an' thee me; I will dive 'oo cakes to eat."
In his garret, worn and weary, Burglar Bill has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson tartlet to his burly breast.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

BYRON W. KING.

Sound a mighty, long reveille!
Let the fife and throbbing drum
Tell the world the marshaled heroes
Of our grand Republic come!
Strike the notes of "Hail Columbia!"
Wake the music that of old
Timed the tread of marching thousands
Where the battle surges rolled!
Fling to heaven our sacred banner,
Wave it high o'er field and flood;

Torn by many a fiery conflict,
Stained by many a hero's blood.

Open wide the mouldy portals
Where our mighty dead have slept;
Bid them break the voiceless slumber
That the solemn years have kept.
Roll the years that tell their glory
Backward from the great unknown;
Gather them once more around us
As when war's loud blast was blown.
Once again the earth shall tremble
'Neath the tread of million feet,
While the nation's heart exulting
Times them with its pulsing beat.
Mirrored in the deep of heaven
See the spectral host sweep by;
Regiment, and flag and banner,
All of war's proud panoply.

They are coming! coming! coming!
How the music wakes and thrills!
All their mystic tents are gleaming
White upon their Country's hills!
They are coming! coming! coming!
East and West, and South and North!
Lo from every wind of heaven,
They are thronging, hurrying forth!
They are coming! coming! coming!
Fathers, brothers, husbands, sons—
And the rushing tide of Memory
Through the years still faster runs.

From the gory field of conquest,
From the rivers, crimson-dyed,

They return, our deathless heroes,
Sons of Freedom, glorified!
Bringing every tattered banner,
Bearing every honored name,
That for God, and Home, and Country
Won an everlasting fame!
High among them stands the figure
Of the Martyr, calm and brave,
Who in God's name and the Nation's
Struck the shackles from the slave.

Say not they are dead, forgotten,
Voiceless, speechless, silent dust;
No man's dead, whose toil and heart-blood
Speed a great God-given trust!
Dead, the millions upon millions
Who from fleeting sun to sun,
Quaffed the brimming cups of pleasure
Till their reckless years have run.
Dead, the man who gathered riches,
All his golden visions fled;
Dead, and monuments he builded,
Crumbling dust upon his head;
Doubly dead and long forgotten,
Dust on head and dust on heart,
He who heard the call for battle—
Heard, but played the craven's part.

But of all we fondly cherish
All the mighty martyr host,
Not the lowliest life or humblest
Ever was or will be lost!
Bow the knee—their graves are holy,
Consecrated is this sod,
Hallowed deep through all the ages
In the sight of men and God.

Holy is the deathless freedom
By their great devotion bought;
Graven deep, illumed by glory,
Never shall they be forgot.

GLORY.

DR. WAYLAND.

The crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer? The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The plow-share turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment, which is breathed from every object around him, is the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot.

But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapels, utters, with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by.

Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given luster to virtue and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Steady, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken—
I'd rather awaken
To-morrow in—no matter where,
Than lie in that foul prison-hole—over there.

Step slowly!
Speak lowly!
The rocks may have life;
Lay me down in the hollow;
We are out of the strife.

By heaven! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood,
No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade.
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.

Did you mind the loud cry,
When, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them determined to die—
Oh, *wasn't* it grand?
God help the wretches who fell in the fight;
No time was there given for prayers or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.
Huzza!
Great heaven! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave;
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray! Pray!

Our Father! our Father! why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
Ebbing away!
Ebbing away! The light of the day is turning to gray.
Pray! Pray!

Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
There's something about the forgiveness of sin;
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words and say an *amen.*
Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?
Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head,
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye;
Throw wide thy gates to let him in,
And take him pleading to thine arms;
Forgive, O Lord, his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path now my sight has grown dim—

I am dying— bend down—till I touch you once more;
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though, you see, I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brighest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together—
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected,—so was I.

LONG AS THE TIDE SHALL FLOW

BYRON W. KING.

Long as the tide shall flow,
Upon the barren strand,
Shall men walk to and fro,
And stretch forth eager hand,
And murmur names on trembling lips,
And watch and wait for coming ships,—
Long as the tide shall flow.

Long as the tide shall flow,
With painful, solemn tread,
Dark-shrouded, bowing low,
Shall mourners bring their dead,
With chant and prayer and mournful hymn,
And hearts shall bleed, and eyes grow dim,—
Long as the tide shall flow.

Long as the tide shall flow
Shall heart to heart be knit;
And over scoff and blow,
Love, strong, pure, infinite,
Shall triumph in that mighty faith
That falters not at life or death,—
Long as the tide shall flow.

Long as the tide shall flow
Shall cheeks be wet with tears;
The soul be sick with woe,
And through the dark, sad years,
Shall count life's wild throbs one by one,
While weary feet move blindly on,—
Long as the tide shall flow.

Long as the tide shall flow
Shall hope within the breast
Rise, rise from all below,
And whisper "home" and "rest!"
And over cross, and tears, and night
Show gleamings of a coming light,—
Long as the tide shall flow.

THE DIFFERENCE.

By the pleasant fire they sat one night,
Husband and wife alone;
And they talked of changes they had seen
And of how the years had flown;
Of the sons, now scattered far and near,
And the daughters, wooed and wed.
"We've only two in the house once more,
O, Mary, my wife!" he said.

"When we were alone, forty years ago,
So young and happy and poor,
There wasn't a prettier girl than you,
Nor a better one, I'm sure.
I promised you then I'd make you rich
If you'd only share my life.
I'm worth a million and more to-day,
A mine of wealth, dear wife."

"How much am I worth?" she smilingly asked.
He looked on her tender face;
He looked in her eyes, then closed his own,
And thought for a little space.
"You are worth the life I've spent with you,
You are worth its richest joys;
You are worth more gold than can be told—
You are worth my girls and boys.

"You are worth the years that are yet to come,
You are worth the world to me.
O, Mary, there is not gold enough
To say what you are worth to me!"
"Well, dear, I was worth the world to you
More than forty years ago;
A milllon is but a paltry sum
To this whole wide world, you know!

"So then we have never been poor a tall!
Now, isn't it nice to know
That you were a million billionaire
More than forty years ago?
We were happy then, we are happy now,
So tell me the difference, Frank."
"It isn't much," he said with a smile—
I gathered a million from the pile,
And locked it up in the bank."

THE SHIP OF FAITH.

A certain colored brother had been holding forth to his little flock upon the ever fruitful topic of *Faith*, and he closed his exhortation about as follows:

My bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my

bruddren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere ain't on gittin' up de back stairs, nor goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat-a-way, my bruddren; you got to git on board de Ship of Faith. Once 'pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an' dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere wan't no odder way for 'em to do but to git on board de Ship ob Faith. So dey all went down an' got on board—de ole granfadders, an' de ole grannudders, an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' of 'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one mons'us big feller; he said he's gwine to swim, *he* was. "W'y!" dey said "you can't swim so fur like dat. It am a powerful long way to de promised land!" He said, "I kin swim anywhar, I kin. I git 'board no boat, no, 'deed!" Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat pore disluded man dey couldn't git him on board de Ship ob Faith, so dey started off. De day was fair, de win' right, de sun shinin', an' everyt'ng b'utiful; an' dis big feller he plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': "What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun? you better come down here in de water; nice an' cool down here." But dey said: "Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance." But he said: "No indeedy! I git 'board no boat; I'm havin' plenty fun in de water." Well, bimeby, my bruddern what you tink dat pore man seen? *A horrible, awful shark*, my bruddren; mouf wide open; teef more'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark

he begin to get awful scared, an he holler out to de folks on board de ship: "Take me on board, take me on board, quick!" But dey said: "No, indeed you wouldn't come up here when you had an invite; you got to swim now."

He look over his shoulder an' he see dat shark a-comin', an' he let hissef out. Fust it was de man, an' den it was de shark, an' den it was de man agin, dat a-way, my bruddren, *plum to de promised land.* Dat am de blessed troof I'm a-tellin' you dis minute. But what do you t'ink was a-waitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? *A horrible, awful lion,* my bruddren, was a stan'in' dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a roarin' away fit to devour dat pore nigger de minit he got on de shore. Well, he *wer* powerful scared den; he didn't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on de shore de lion eat him up; he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you live an' breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' *de shark eat de lion.* But, my bruddren, don't you put your trust in no sich circumstance; dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion for ebery nigger!*

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

The palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the center of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest.

And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased—the half-uttered execration died upon the lip—so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to *you*. If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in *your* veins,

I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!* As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye never can *undo;* what *ye* may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect me to cower and whine with dread at Carthagenian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailings, and wildly tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely, helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die—but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins,

your own shall pour in torrents! Woe unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

Now bring forth your tortures! *Slaves!* while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!

JIMMY BROWN'S SISTER'S WEDDING.

Sue ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. ' When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell about my printing press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it and sold it to me real cheap. He was going to exchange it for a bicycle, a St. Bernard dog, and twelve good books, but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy-five cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more than an inch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridemaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and all sorts of things. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she *couldn't* bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that everyone else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hundred invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing-press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are posted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry
Mr. James Travers,
at the Church next Thursday at half-past seven, sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
With the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Come early and bring
Lots of Flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that? It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't quite sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding. Any other

girl but Sue would have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me ever come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding-school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed.

LIFE.

WALLACE.

"Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing nativities and funerals with equal luster, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spake one who mocked while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion.

Certain it is, that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life: what lies between, may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh, for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one and the sadness of the other. The monuments of man's blessedness and of man's wretchedness lie side by side: we can not look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is

stifled in rejoicing. To make a monarch, there must be slaves; and that one may triumph, many must be weak.

The dignity and the destiny of man seem utterly at variance. He turns from contemplating a monument of genius to inquire for the genius which produced it, and finds that while the work has survived, the workman has perished for ages. The meanest work of man outlives the noblest work of God. The sculptures of Phidias endure, where the dust of the artist has vanished from the earth. Man can immortalize all things but himself.

But, for my own part, I can not help thinking that our high estimation of ourselves is the grand error in our account. Surely, it is argued, a creature so ingeniously fashioned and so bountifully furnished, has not been created but for lofty ends. But cast your eye on the humblest rose of the garden, and it may teach a wiser lesson. There you behold contrivance and ornament—in every leaf, the finest veins, the most delicate odor, and a perfume exquisite beyond imitation; yet all this is but a toy—a plaything of nature; and surely she whose resources are so boundless that upon the gaud of a summer day she can throw away such lavish wealth, steps not beyond her commonest toil when she forms of the dust a living man. When will man learn the lesson of his own insignificance?

Immortal man! thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standest a Napoleon; thou reclinest a Shakspeare!—it quickens its movement, and thou liest a parched and fretful thing, with thy mind furied by the phantoms of fever!—it retards its action but a little,

and thou crawlest a crouching, soulless mass, the bright world a blank, dead vision to thine eye. Verily, O man, thou art a glorious and godlike being!

Tell life's proudest tale: what is it? A few attempts successless; a few crushed or moldered hopes; much paltry fretting; a little sleep, and the story is concluded; the curtain falls—the farce is over The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chambers; a lazar and a charnel—room only for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth on which man can plant his foot and affirm with confidence, "No mortal sleeps beneath!"

Seeing then that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay-hearted Grecian, "Drink to-day, for to-morrow we are not?" Shall we calmly float down the current, smiling if we can, silent when we must, lulling cares to sleep by the music of gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams? No! dream-like as is our life, there is in it one reality—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm, but can not disturb us—may destroy, but can not hurt us: the bitterness of earthly things and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils, and begin to be blessings.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein and gives the following description of his playing:

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leed'ed a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the things jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man sittin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd played me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up to see that Ruben was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came feint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day, the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole

wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, 'specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow.

The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em,

but could never get-anigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin' and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"*Go it, my Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare? I paid my money and you just come a-nigh me."

With that some several policeman run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft, and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a minute or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of

the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He far'ard two'd, he crossed over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt,—heavens and earth, creation, sweet-potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-rlank! Bang! ! ! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the

a'r and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no more'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word, I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two."

THE BOBOLINK.

THE ALDINE.

Once, on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood,
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along;
The air was fragrant with woodland scents;
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink;
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilting winrows of grass new mown,
  And rosy billows of clover bloom
  Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
  And balancing on a blackberry briar,
  The bobolink sung with his heart on fire—
"Bobo-link! Bobo-link! Splink! Splank! Splink!
Chink! If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it! do it! You coward, you!
  Kiss her! kiss her! Who will see?
  Only we three! we three! we three!
  Ch-wee! ch-wee! ch-wee!"

Past tender garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
  Past wide meadow fields, lately mowed,
  Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
  And entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
  Dusk and cool in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
Silently glided with glint and gleam,
  Shaded by graceful elms, which spread
  Their verdurous canopy overhead—
Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
  Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
  The pair who lingered unseen within.
"Bob-ol-link! Bob-ol-link! Splink, Splank, Splink!
  Kiss her! kiss her! chee! chee! chee!
  I'm not looking! I won't see!
  Do it! do it! ch-wee, ch-wee, ch-wee!"

The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
And the flitting form of the dragon fly,
Save where the swift-winged swallow played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch-tree!"

But ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change—
"Do it! do it!"—with might and main
Warbled the tell-tale—"Do it again!"

WHERE'S ANNETTE?

Stop! stranger, may I speak with you? ah! yes, you needn't fear,
Till I whisper through the grating. I wouldn't have them hear.
These jailers, if a body but chance to speak her name,
They roll their eyes so savage, as if they meant to tame

Some wild beast, and they scare me. Come nearer—
nearer yet;
Come near till I whisper; have you seen her—seen
Annette?

She has blue eyes—my darling; her curls are rings of
gold;
She is so plump and dimpled, and she's just three
years old.
You'll know if you have seen her, because there can-
not be
'Mong all the pretty children, another fair as she.
Ha! ha! she laughs so merry; her soul is full of
light;
Her voice is full of music; she is so bonny bright.

You ask me, "What about her?" Oh! then you
haven't heard?
You see, I went out calling and left the little bird
At home, in care of Sarah, the nurse—I often do.
Well, well! we ladies chatted, and so the moments
flew.
That woman seemed so trusty. Gone! gone!—both
gone away!
Come, think! you must have seen them—'twas only
yesterday.

Yes, stolen—lost, I tell you! and never any trace!
Ah! I can see him enter—the anguish in his face—
After the fruitless searching! "No news?" No
answer came; [blame;
But, oh! his eyes flashed at me—his eyes were full of
And so, when in the midnight I saw him pacing there,
And heard his restless footsteps, 'twas more than I
could bear.

Then I crept softly, softly, among the shadows dim;
I said, "I'll go and find her and bring her back to
him."
I wandered till the daybreak and till the set of sun:
"Say, have you seen my baby?" I asked of every one;
"Her eyes are blue and merry; her hair as bright as
gold; [old."
She is so plump and dimpled, and she's just three years

And none of them had seen her—they only stared
at me,
And so I wandered, wandered, until I reached the sea.
So far across the waters! the days they were like
years,
And all the surging billows were troubled with her tears,
And all the winds were sobbing; "Mamma! Mamma!"
they cried.
She could not hear me answer, there on the ocean
wide.

And when we reached the harbor, I was so glad at last,
I hurried off to find her; I hurried off so fast
I could not stay for nightfall, I could not stay for
noon,
I thought to hurry, hurry, and find her very soon.
From town to town I wandered; I asked of all I met,
"Say, have you seen my baby? Say, have you seen
Annette?"

Oh! I was sure I heard her; oh! I was sure that time
I heard her rippling laughter. So, up and up I climb;
I clamber up the hillside: "Annette! Annette!" I
call.
'Tis but the shepherd's children—'tis not Annette
at all.

So, up and down the mountains, and through the forest wild,
I wander—wander—calling and searching for my child.

The rain falls on you sometimes, and sometimes falls the snow;
The people they stare at you and laugh where'er you go;
And often one is weary, and often one is cold,
And there's a creature haunts me; she's wrinkled, weird and old;
Her locks are white as silver, her eyes they gleam and glare;
She is so ragged, ragged! I meet her everywhere.

She hides behind the windows and follows as I pass;
And where the brook runs fast, and through the wet low grass
She follows, follows everywhere! I cannot shake her off—
I hear her now behind me—hark at her jeers and scoff!—
"Annette, dear Annette!" how her voice does thrill me through:
She knocks at every door—she's standing now by you.

What did they bring me here for? I say, I want to go!
How shall I ever find her, when I am locked in so?
They lied to me! They told me—'twas once there in the street
Where I sat on a door-step, to rest my aching feet—
They said, "We'll lead you to her," and many times said "Come!"
At last I followed, eager to find my little one.

I found a prison—curse them! Wait till I whisper low.
They just humbug the public! They bring you here to show
How high are all the ceilings, and how the floors are white—
And yet they steal my darling, and keep her out of sight;
And when I bid them bring her, they promise "By and by!"
Just turn the key, please, won't you? and let me slip out, sly!

Her father's waiting for her; he's pacing to and fro,
Among the lonesome midnight. Oh! please, I want to go—
If I could take her to him, and say "Here is Annette!"
Then all the years of waiting I'm sure he would forget;
And he would look no blaming; and, oh! there would be three,
That the very angels bright could scarcely gladder be.

You iron bars, I'll smash you! I'll batter down these walls!
She's crying, oh! she 's crying! "Mamma! mamma!" she calls. [there!
If I were strong as Samson! Oh! help! you people
You lied to me! Away then! come near me if you dare!
Oh! pity, pity, people! Oh! please to let me go!
Where is Annette? where is she? Does anybody know?

MODEL DISCOURSE.

The following is a satire on a class of sermons now less frequently heard than formerly.

"Brethren, the words of my text are:

"'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every day life.

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone—a widow, a friendless, solitary old widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! She went to the cupboard. And here observe, that she went to the cupboard. She went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard. We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see she was poor. For, mark, the words are, '*the* cupboard,' not 'one of the cupboards,' or 'the right-hand cupboard,' or 'the left hand cupboard,' or 'the one above,' or 'the one below,' or 'the one under the floor,' but just '*the* cupboard,'—the one humble little cupboard the widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes to wealth? It was 'to get her poor dog a bone.' Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor also. We

can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard in hope, in expectation, may-be, to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

"'But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

"When she got there! You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told 'she got there.' And how was her noble effort rewarded? 'The cupboard was bare.' It was bare! There were to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor ginger-bread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren—bare as a bald head. Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of wordly sophistry, 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah,no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless world lings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of

this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing by the open cupboard door, depict to ourselves the dog, still drooping his disappointed tail on the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah, no! my brethren, we are not so permitted to try and read the future. Suffice it for us to try and glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them, as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patronymic of Hubbard, and have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs. They are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do; if fate has ordained we should do anything of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text: 'And so the poor dog had none.'"

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and **James**,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim, Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-*my!* Jim-*my!*" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if Papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems,"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name that he liked the best;
"Darling!"—he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.